SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

August 1929

VOL. LXXXVI NO. 2

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

In comparing contemporary literary fashions in England and America with those of thirty years ago, it appears that the most conspicuous advance in novels is the change from love stories to stories of lust. Chivalry is obsolete; woman has been taken from the pedestal, and instead of being an inspiration, she has become a convenience. Certain novelists used to be called caterers; the caterers have given place to panders. Many books that purport to be realistic novels of human life are in reality written of the animals, by the animals, and for the animals, which shall perish from the earth.

Despite the popular proverb that truth is stranger than fiction, some of our biographers and historians, ever on the hunt for sensation, seem to prefer fiction. The motion-pictures have created a world-wide desire for effortless entertainment; and many writers are eager to please these soft-headed millions. People are beginning to suspect that something is wrong; hence the popularity of a book called "The Art of Thinking." Thousands are reading this excellent work in the hope they can be taught to think even as they have been taught to dance. Others are caught by a foreign-language bait; they can learn to speak French fluently in six weeks. Others can learn history and science by reading "Outlines." And over this welter of professed fiction and of so-called historical and biographical works that *are* fiction is the unmistakable odor of vulgarity—a very ancient and fishlike smell.

From this pullulation of putrefaction many serious-minded folks are turning to read with relief and enjoyment detective stories—whose multiplication is another and better sign of the times. Why are hundreds of thousands of persons reading stories of murders and of policemen? Because these books are interesting tales and free from the sultriness of sex. The majority of "realistic" novels just now are both dull and dirty. It is hard to say in which of two respects they most greatly afflict the intelligent reader —boredom or filth? It is astonishing that sex, which after all is a subject of general interest, can be made so dull. Many readers wander over these books, like

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dogs in a vast field, searching from smell to smell, and ignoring the odorless tracts between.

Now it can be told. And it is. To-day the unprintable is printed with as many details as possible. But as Brunetière used to say, this does not require courage; all that is required is bad taste.

Yet I do not believe that these books, written by those who, finding they cannot have fame, are determined anyhow to achieve notoriety, really represent the Anglo-Saxon or any other people. The trouble with most of these writers is they have no religion, and therefore no foundation, not even a standpoint. This makes their zestless immorality intolerably monotonous; the monotony of a derelict is worse than the monotony of a lightship.

The heart of mankind is incurably religious; those who have got rid of religion themselves, and associate only with congenial little groups, make the error of supposing their world of thought to be the thought of the world. Instead of calling as witness a religious teacher, let us listen to an observant philosopher, George Santayana. This is what he said in 1913 in "Winds of Doctrine." It applies very well in 1929:

> The modernist wishes to reconcile the church and the world. Therein he forgets what Christianity came into the world to announce and why its message was believed. It came to announce salvation from the world; there should be no more need of just those things which the modernist so deeply loves and respects and blushes that his church should not be adorned with—emancipated science, free poetic religion, optimistic politics, and dissolute art. These things, according to the Christian conscience, were all vanity and vexation of spirit, and the pagan world itself almost confessed as much. They were vexatious and vain because they were bred out of sin, out of ignoring the inward and the revealed law of God; and they would lead surely and quickly to destruction. The needful salvation from these follies, Christianity went on to announce, had come through the cross of Christ; . . .
>
> . . . In the English church, too, it is not those who accept the deluge, the resurrection, and the sacraments only as symbols, that are the vital party, but those who accept them literally; for only these have anything to say to the poor, or to the rich, that can refresh them. In a frank supernaturalism, in a tight clericalism, not in a pleasant secularisation, lies the sole hope of the church. Its sole dignity also lies there. It will not convert the world; it never did and it never could. It will remain a voice crying in the wilderness; but it will believe what it cries, and there will be some to listen to it in the future, as there have been many in the past. As to modernism, it is suicide. It is the last of those concessions to the spirit of the world which half-believers and double-minded prophets have always been found making; but it is a mortal concession. It concedes everything; for it concedes that everything in Christianity, as Christians hold it, is an illusion.

H. G. Wells, who in the year 1895 wrote one of his best novels, "The Wheels of Chance," and who, it may be remembered, has written several books since that date, has broken out in an entirely new and original form, a novel called "The King Who Was a King." Apparently deciding that the way to reach the "masses" is through the motion-pictures, and if any one wants to reach the masses I suppose this *is* the way, this arch-experimenter has written a full-length novel in the form of a scenario, with complete directions for screen production. I fear his plot and treatment are too intelligent for successful film-work. But I approve of his method and of his purpose. He has written a vigorous indictment of war, directing all his verbal and pictorial artillery against the chief cause of war, nationalism. It is nationalism that sentimentalizes war.

I am writing this on Memorial Day.

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We do well to commemorate the deeds of heroes, for courage is the foundation of all the virtues. We do well to honor those who gave their lives for love, for love of country.

But we should discriminate between the glory of individual deeds and the sentimentalism that glorifies war. The true way to regard war is as a thing of incredibly tedious folly. Instead of every nation being proud of its various wars, they should be remembered with penitence and shame. Instead of thanking God for victory, we should kneel and ask his forgiveness.

Patriotism is a noble sentiment, like family affection; but we do not regard the old murderous feuds of the South, which were born of family affection, as a thing to be remembered with pride. They were of course a blot on national civilization. Now, as some one has said, patriotism, which used to be a flame on the altar, has become a devouring conflagration. The religion of nationalism is to-day the strongest religion in the world, stronger than Christianity, or Buddhism, or Mohammedanism. Hundreds of millions will gladly die for nationalism, which triumphs over all political, scientific, and religious bonds. British socialists, standing side by side with Tories, will gladly butcher their socialistic brethren of Germany; American Roman Catholics, in hearty union with atheists, will gladly butcher their Catholic brethren of Austria. And French research scholars in science will gladly butcher research scholars of "the enemy."

Maurice Baring, the English novelist whom I have repeatedly praised in these pages and whom I shall praise again, has written what—if I didn't hate the word—I should call an intriguing novel. It bears the title "The Coat without Seam" and its hero is devoid of heroism. Yet his growth from childhood to manhood and his intellectual development we follow with interest. The conversations in all Mr. Baring's books are the best things in them; so should conversations be between rational beings. There is a charming frankness, a directness and unaffected simplicity in the way his characters talk with one another that I think we might well imitate—if we can—in actual life. Conversations where each speaker assumes that the other is both sincere and interested in the subject; hence there is no necessity for saying a lot of things as mere flourishes or gradients.

Ambrose Bierce and Herman Melville are running a race for posthumous recognition. Lewis Mumford's biography of Melville, both in its thoroughness and in its appraisals, is a sign of the times. It is pleasant to see that he is aware of the fact that Archibald MacMechan, Professor of English Literature at Dalhousie College, Halifax, called attention to Melville after he had been completely forgotten by the world; so that MacMechan should be remembered now in the heyday of Melville's fame.

> Some night you'll fail us: when afar
> You rise, remember one man saw you,
> Knew you, and named a star!

Mr. C. Hartley Grattan's book, "Bitter Bierce," is a good piece of work and brings before me, at all events, a fairly clear picture of one of the most elusive personalities in literature.

Cat books are multiplying with extraordinary rapidity. One of the best of the new ones is Sarah J. Eddy's "Alexander and Some Other Cats." There are many photographic illustrations, which to cat lovers will be irresistible; any one who opens this book will buy it. And

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the articles about cats will interest all readers. Alexander himself is not an aristocratic Persian; he is just Cat, but an indubitable Cat, a Calico Cat, or, as I used to say, a grocery store cat. He looks eminently strokable, and has a striking resemblance to Calvin Coolidge, in a certain dignified reticence.

My friend, Mrs. Doris Thorne, daughter of the famous dramatist Henry Arthur Jones, and mother of the brilliant young actress Dorinda Thorne, writes me an interesting account of Mr. Jones's black kitten, whose sable fur I had the privilege of stroking last summer.

> The day Daddy died, early in the morning he asked for Ju. Ju spent the whole day on his bed—would not come down for lunch—we had to bring him down when the specialist came at 6—and after Daddy's death he'd scream at his door every day to be let in; and if the door was left open after the funeral, even in bitterly cold weather we'd find him on the bare mattress on Daddy's bed where he always lay, even with the window open. Then he got a poisoned foot and was operated on; away at the vet's for over three weeks—the day he came back at night when Dorinda and I were going to bed we could not find him and were afraid the maids had let him out; but he was under the sofa in H. A. J.'s room. Isn't it wonderful for a kitten we have had only a year?

In considering the British Parliamentary Elections, I am moved to wonder what is going to become of the good old-fashioned Liberals, even as Daniel Webster wondered what was going to become of the Whigs. Must we really be forced to choose between Tory and Socialist? It looks so. Now if I were an Englishman, I should share the political views of Gladstone, Morley, Campbell-Bannerman, Bryce, Lloyd George, Spender, and others; that is, I am a Liberal. And there is no Liberal party any more. Will there ever be again?

It may be in religion that the Protestant position will become analogous to that of the Liberal in politics; though surely not so weak in numbers and influence. But there is a real similarity. The Catholics—representing the Conservatives—are growing in power, numbers, influence, and outspokenness every day. Many religious people, shocked at the growth of atheism, are joining the Catholics. On the other hand, the atheists are becoming daily more vocal; very outspoken and assured. Well, I belong to those unafraid Christians who are neither Catholic nor radical. Necessarily, like the Liberals in politics, we cannot be so well organized as the extremists on both sides of us. What is our future?

To all and sundry, let me recommend a new book by Archer B. Bass, called "Protestantism in the United States." It contains facts as well as suggestions.

The death of Mrs. W. K. Clifford, in London, on April 21, removed one of the best-known women of letters of our time. For more than forty years her house in London was open to all those who lived in the spirit. In the eighties, with her brilliant husband, Professor W. K. Clifford, it was generally agreed that the best conversation in England was to be found in their house. He died very young. All the long years of her widowhood, with discouragements of every kind that would have crushed many bold hearts, this magnificent woman faced life with cheerfulness. An undaunted spirit, who gave by precept and example immense stimulation to young and old. In 1891 I read her remarkable novel, "The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," but it was not until 1912 that I had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

One of the most interesting books of the year is Frederic Whyte's "Memoir of William Heinemann," the famous pub-

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lisher who died in 1920. This not only presents an engaging portrait of the man himself, but is filled with entertaining anecdotes of Whistler, the Pennells, Conrad, Henry James, De Morgan, and many other famous writers and artists. The great Whistler was Heinemann's most intimate friend, and the only one to whom Heinemann would grant every privilege. William Heinemann was not only one of the most enterprising and high-minded of publishers; he was a personality of tremendous vigor; overflowing with humor, ambition, geniality, and zest. Nearly all his authors loved him. I have a photograph, representing him as a benevolent deity in a garden; he is standing and giving his smiling benediction to the following authors who are kneeling—William De Morgan, Edmund Gosse, Sarah Grand, and Agnes Tobin.

On May 10, 1912, I called on Mr. Heinemann in his London office, and even in a short interview I received a lasting impression of his dynamic force and of his unaffected kindliness. He gave me a copy of Constance Garnett's translation of "The Brothers Karamazov," just off the press. "This," said he, "is the cheapest book in the history of publishing." He meant that to produce a well-bound, well-printed volume of 838 pages for 3 shillings (and indeed it may have been 2 and 6) broke all records.

Mr. Frederic Whyte, whose biography of W. T. Stead has been praised in this column, has done even a better thing in this Life of Heinemann. I understand that it will be published in America this autumn. Do some watchful waiting, and you will be richly rewarded.

"Rain before Seven" is the title of an excellent novel published in 1915, whose author, Eric Leadbitter, showed such promise in that particular book that I wonder we have not heard more of him since.

W. B. Trites, whose novel, "The Gypsy," deservedly attracted so much attention last year, has written a war-story called "A Modern Girl." It deals with airmen in France and each one of them is a convincing character. There is a cruel directness about the style of Mr. Trites that never descends to brutality, but is so objectively accurate as to be arresting. I believe his heroine is true to life; and the descriptions of places and incidents during the war-years are just as interesting as his people. He has an extraordinary talent for describing life as it is, and men and women as they are—without comment and without emphasis.

Doctor Johnson would certainly have been pleased if he had known of the immense curiosity about him that would characterize English-speaking people of the twentieth century. I modify the noun *people,* because Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and Russians seem to care nothing whatever about either him or Boswell, except those university students in Europe who are taking courses in "English Literature of the Eighteenth Century." I suppose to-day, thanks to Boswell, and the biographers who have gleaned after him like Ruth amid the alien corn, we actually know Johnson better than the men who dined with him in London. Several new books about him annually appear; and like any actor who essays Hamlet, none of these books is a failure. The subject is foolproof. The latest biography is not written by a fool, but by a man who is a Tory in politics and a Roman Catholic in religion, Christopher Hollis. It is a decidedly interesting and entertaining book and not the least interesting por-

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tions are the *obiter dicta* handed down by Mr. Hollis—in a manner almost worthy of Johnson—on religion and politics. What I particularly admire about Mr. Hollis is his approach to his subject; he does not attempt to smile in superior knowledge at Johnson, or to patronize him; he merely tries to understand him, with the assumption that he is worth understanding.

A recent book on Samuel Richardson, written by an English university man, suffers from the attitude of the sophisticated author; he condescends to and patronizes Richardson, forgetting that Richardson is an immortal genius, and that he cannot be understood by a commonplace mind, no matter how many doctor's dissertations it may write.

"Jungle Gods," by Captain Carl von Hoffman, is an interesting account of explorations in Africa, written by one who has travelled all the way from Cairo to the Cape. It comes out of intimate knowledge of the blacks, of their tribal habits, their religions, etc. It is well written, and the illustrations from photographs add much to its value. It is a travel-record dealing with wild beasts and wild men; some of the adventures are thrilling. My only objection to the book is the author's prejudice against Christian missionaries. It is the same old complaint—why can't we let these people alone? That is to say, why can't we let them die of their horrible diseases, why can't we let their women suffer in abominable slavery, why should we try to increase the happiness, well-being, and moral stature of any race or anybody? Now Mr. Jones's book, "The Christ of the Indian Road," ought to be a sufficient answer to such objections to missionary enterprises. Captain von Hoffman, who ridicules the missionaries for interfering with the habits and customs of the people, himself introduced a Ford car among the blacks. Now why can't he let them alone, with their own methods of transportation?

E. F. Benson, the expert and clever novelist, has written a biography of Alcibiades, who, next to Absalom, was probably the champion dandy in history. Alcibiades is not exactly a model for youth to emulate. Compared to Alcibiades, Benedict Arnold was a noble, unselfish, loyal patriot. Alcibiades did more to ruin his own country than any ten men put together. Mr. Benson admits that he is not exactly the stuff of which heroes are made, but he has fallen under the spell of his personality, and says all (and somewhat more) than can justly be said in his praise. Now the defeat of Athens by Sparta is one of the greatest disasters in history; we have all lost terribly by that war and its conclusion. The triumph of Sparta was an irremediable calamity; and when we remember that Alcibiades, an Athenian gentleman, did more to bring about the fall of his country than any man on the enemy's side, it is not easy for me to share Mr. Benson's enthusiasm. The mere fact that he was handsome, dashing, witty, accomplished, and brave, does not blind me to the fact that he was a treacherous and black-hearted scoundrel. Mr. Benson insists that he cannot defend him from the moral point of view, but when I read a sentence like the following, I cannot help feeling that Mr. Benson secretly admires him for his positive vices as well as for his dubious virtues. "Let us, then, rid our minds of all moral prejudices (we can hastily clutch them to our bosoms afterward) and try to follow his antic swiftness."

Of course, if one is estimating the voice of a candidate for opera, or securing a competent plumber, one can easily rid

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one's mind of all moral prejudices; but in considering the career of Alcibiades, I find it difficult to "rid my mind" of such "prejudices" as honesty, fidelity, loyalty, and decency.

Although I cannot share the novelist's enthusiasm for Alcibiades, I find the book immensely interesting; it is probably more interesting to me than to the average reader; for to me Athens in the days of Alcibiades is the most interesting city in the history of the world. If any Scribnerians feel about this as I do, let me recommend not only this book, but an excellent work by Arthur M. Shepard published in 1924, called "Sea Power in Ancient History."

Ring W. Lardner, one of America's leading literary artists, has consented to the publication of thirty-five of his short stories in one volume, called "Round Up." He has won a place among distinguished masters of this form of writing —with Bret Harte, O. Henry, and Guy de Maupassant. In "Round Up," I particularly recommend "Zone of Quiet," "Champion," "Horseshoes," and "A Caddy's Diary."

I am sorry to disappoint my friend Burton Rascoe, but the truth must come before friendship. In his latest and most diverting work, "A Bookman's Daybook" (which ought to have a real index, in addition to its index expurgatorius), he thinks that just for once in my life I have been malicious, because in attacking the grammatical whitewash of the criminal "it is me" I said "I notice that some school-teacher in the West urges its adoption." Mr. Rascoe informs me that Professor Manly of the University of Chicago is the school-teacher I had in mind, and he is pleased, because it shows that after all I can be malicious. Possibly; but alas, not this time. I referred to a school-ma'am, and did not know that Doctor Manly had also advocated "me" as a nominative. Now not only would nothing induce me to refer to this internationally eminent scholar in terms of malice, but it so happens that ever since 1890 we have been intimate friends. I had the honor of sitting next to him at the dining-table in Memorial Hall, Harvard, when we were both pupils of Professor Child; I visited him frequently when he was Professor at Brown, where our nightly custom was to go to bed at 4.23 A. M. I told President Harper that young Manly was a scholar of extraordinary distinction and that some day everybody would know it. Furthermore, although Manly was brought up among the Secessionists of South Carolina, and I was a bigoted black Republican Yankee of New England, we were united by the fact that we, like so many other brilliant and scholarly young men, were both Baptists. Say anything against my old friend John? I trow not. But I am sorry to see he defends the indefensible "it is me." It is us who ought to be united in the defense of good grammar; if some one else talks inaccurate, it is him or it is her who is wrong; not us; let them reform their bad habits, like us do. For if it is right to say "it is me" then it is right to say "it was me," and if it is right to say "it was me," then it is right to say "it was me who wrote this."

An extremely useful and referential book on G. B. S. has appeared, prepared by C. Lewis Broad and Violet M. Broad, called "Dictionary to the Plays and Novels of Bernard Shaw with Bibliography of His Works and of the Literature Concerning Him with a Record of the Principal Shavian Play Productions." I like

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everything in this except the portrait; instead of having Shaw's characteristically cheerful and benevolent expression, the face looks like that of a farmer dissatisfied with the weather.

The two Broads who are responsible for this book have written a preface so witty as to be worthy of the subject; I wondered how their minds could be so keen until, upon reaching the end of the preface, I found the authors made it at the town of Whetstone.

This work is indispensable to all lovers, readers, and students of Shaw, therefore it deserves to have a sale of thirty million copies.

Viscount Gladstone has written an excellent book about his father called "After Thirty Years." I am glad to have this, and I read every word of it with interest; but I did not need it, because I am now, and always have been, ardently and passionately pro-Gladstone. In the present backwash against religion and morality, he seems to the ignorant a sanctimonious prig and a cave of Æolus; but if he had never been able to make a speech in public, he would still be one of England's greatest statesmen, because he was master of that most difficult and perplexing of all problems, public finance. He was, more than anything else, a constructive statesman.

I suppose no biographer except Boswell and the Old Testament writers has succeeded in telling the truth about his hero. Lord Gladstone has written this book to show that Gladstone was not in the least like the man set forth in all seriousness by his biographers. Here therefore his son gives us the man himself. Not only was he quite different from what many think he was, but a large number of myths are here taken care of.

The true eminence of Gladstone—the hold that he had on the English-speaking race—was described most accurately by the poet Stephen Phillips. Many people, who are without religious belief, imagine that those who have it must be insincere; just as those who are bored by Beethoven's music, suppose that all those who profess to love it are hypocrites. For nearly two centuries it was assumed by the majority of historians that Oliver Cromwell was a politician who used religion to further his ends—the stock question was, Why did he wear that mask? Then came Thomas Carlyle who said, What if it turns out to be no mask at all, but the man's true face?

Well, this is what Stephen Phillips wrote of Gladstone:

The saint and poet dwell apart; but thou
Wast holy in the furious press of men,
And choral in the central rush of life.
Yet didst thou love old branches and a book,
And Roman verses on an English lawn. . . .
Yet not for all thy breathing charm remote,
Nor breach tremendous in the forts of Hell,
Not for these things we praise thee, though these things
Are much; but more, because thou didst discern
In temporal policy the eternal will;

Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,
And to debate the thunder of the Lord;
To meanest issues fire of the Most High.

Professor Archibald Henderson, the official biographer of Shaw, and author of many works on the modern drama, has written a lively and provocative little book, called "Is Bernard Shaw a Dramatist?" The answer is As You Like It, or What You Will.

John Randolph of Roanoke is possibly the most picturesque figure in American political history; I recommend the latest biography of him, by Gerald W. John-

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son. I recommend it for its fairness, for its sympathy, and for its style.

Gamaliel Bradford has added to the already large number of his good books one called "As God Made Them," a series of admirable essays on Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and others. Incredible as it may seem, these three men were United States Senators.

H. L. Mencken believes that Lytton Strachey sat at the feet of Gamaliel.

Fairfax Downey, who has previously chiefly been known as an admirable humorist, has published a biography called "The Grande Turke," being the life of Suleyman the Magnificent. I congratulate Mr. Downey on his entrance into a new field; for this work is interesting reading, presents a majestic figure in a picturesque manner, and will give many readers a considerable amount of information.

A book that will appeal only to those who belong to the intellectually élite, is the "Collected Essays" (largely on music) by Sir W. H. Hadow, who has an enormous number of honorary degrees and other titles of distinction, and who writes with the simplicity of the born aristocrat. There is an urbanity, a literary flavor, a charm coming from a long life devoted to the highest things in art, that illuminate every page. If a stranger from some distant planet came to the Earth, and we wished to convince him that there was such a thing as Civilization, the most powerful evidence we could produce would be these "Collected Essays."

Edwin Arlington Robinson's new poem, "Cavender's House," has not the glowing passion and emotional fervor that made "Tristram" such an instant favorite; but it is an excellent example of its author's intellectual powers and tells a dramatic story.

Zephine Humphrey, who writes what I call "books of healing," because of their calming influence, because of their intimate communion with nature, and because of their wisdom, has written a charming novel "Chrysalis" which describes with humor and insight some every-day happenings.

Booth Tarkington, who can see better in the dark than most writers in the light, has psychoanalyzed the souls—to dignify trivial brains by such a name—of two modern American women, in a brilliant and painful novel, "Young Mrs. Greeley." It is brilliant because the vivisection is done with such skill; it is painful, because one hates to admit that such women exist. It is one of the most depressing novels I have read in a long time. But I am afraid that every word of it is true. Self-deception is a tragic thing, because it never lasts. There may be those who live out a long life in the bliss of self-ignorance, but I think not. And when they are exposed, one feels like looking the other way.

Some of the best of all detective books were introduced to a grateful public in this magazine. I refer of course to the works of the ingenious S. S. Van Dine. Other freshly cooked delectable dishes are "The Murder of a Mystery-Writer" by John Hawk, whose title should please the minority who don't care for crime-books, but whose contents will please more; "The Secret of Musterton House," by G. Granby, shivery; "Death on Scurvy Street," by Ben Ames Williams, an excellent and well-written yarn; "The House in Tuesday Market" by the tireless J. S. Fletcher, one of his best; "The Clue of the Clot," by C. Barry, a good assortment of thrills; and do you, or don't you like "clue" better than "clew"? To me "clue" always seems like a real bit of evidence, while "clew" seems mere-

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ly nautical. "The Person Called Z" (pronounced ZED by the author, Mr. J. J. Farjeon) is extremely ripping, by a master of the art; while Rufus King has written by far the best novel of his young life in "Murder by the Clock"—a gorgeous thriller.

Mrs. Sarah Coe Leeds, of Brooklyn, calls our attention to a delightful ambiguity in expression:

> Frequently in the column of society news in the New York *Times* or *Herald-Tribune,* I notice expressions like the following, *i. e.:* Mrs. —— had *for* luncheon (naming guests)—or Mrs. —— had *for* dinner (naming guests). Would you not approve placing expression of this *cannibalistic* order in the Ignoble Prize column?

Recently qualified members of the Fano Club: Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Grizzell (Yale 1915) and E. R. Maffitt, 1928, who sent two post-cards by separate mails, in order to assure his membership. He found that one church in Fano had been injured by an earthquake. Of course it may have been an earthquake; but I suspect it was the maddened rush of men, women, and children, trying to meet the requirements for membership in the club. By the way, the youngest member is a "jane," Miss Jane Gillespie, of Stamford, Conn., aged eight.

B. P. Adams, of the staff of *The Literary Digest,* makes a belated but not too late application for membership in the Faery Queene Club. He read the entire poem during the winter before he went to college, and Professor Winchester of Wesleyan exhibited him to the Sophomore English Literature class as a *rara avis.* We also welcome into the club, Miss Margaret Ashmun, of Northampton, Mass., who read the entire poem when studying for a master's degree at the University of Wisconsin.

In the New Testament, we are told three times that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. Not many rich men in the kingdom of God? Well, there is one place where they are even scarcer. That is prison. If the Bible statement is true, then it is easier for a hippopotamus to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into jail. I do not know what Harry Sinclair did; I do not know whether or not he deserved punishment. But the shocking thing is, that when this rich man finally entered into prison, practically every newspaper in America not only gave it flashing headlines, but made it the subject of an editorial. Perhaps the worst thing that can be said against the law in America is that the fact of one Rich Man going to prison filled the general public with amazement. It was NEWS.

Through a typographical error, I received a quite unexpected honor. Through the beneficence of the late William Lampson, of Leroy, N. Y., I was appointed in 1901 Lampson Professor at Yale. A few days ago, a Boston newspaper alluded to me as *Lampoon* Professor at Yale. The Harvard *Lampoon* quoted this item, and said, "With pardonable pride Lampy points out that his favourite son has been doing rather well, even at Yale." Well, I am proud to represent a Harvard institution *in partibus infidelium.*

Would not a good title for Joan Lowell's book "The Cradle of the Deep" be "The Adventures of Joan of Ark"?

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Annandale Again

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Almost as if my thought of him
Had called him from he said not where,
He knocked. I knew him through the door,
And Annandale was waiting there.

Nothing of years or distances,
Or deserts that he may have ranged,
Betrayed him. He was Annandale,
The only man who never changed.

"Do as you must," he said, "and God
Will say that you have done no wrong.
Begin by disappointing me,
And ask where I have been so long.

"What matter's it where I have been,
Or on what mountain or what star?
All places are as much alike
As all men and all women are—

"Which is not much. The best of us
Are curiously unlike the worst;
And for some time, at any rate,
The last shall never be the first.

"Wherefore I leave them, having done
No harm to them, or none to show."—
There was no liking such a man;
You loved him, or you let him go.

"Dreamers who crave a common yoke
For bulls and ewes and elephants
May have it; and my having mine
May be a soothing circumstance

"For you and me, and for my wife;
I mean my new wife Damaris.
I'll tell you, if you must be told,
The sort of woman that she is.

["How Annandale Went Out," published in this magazine for May, 1910, is reprinted on page 134.]

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"When Miriam died, my former wife,
I wept and said that all was done;
Yet even as long ago as then
My darkness had a smothered sun

"Behind it, trying to shine through.
More like a living voice of light
It was, than like the sun itself,
And my night was not wholly night.

"And my world was not wholly gone,
As I had feared. Well, hardly so.
I wonder we should learn to live,
Where there's so much for us to know.

"For that, we don't. We live meanwhile;
And then, with nothing learned, we die.
God has been very good to him
Whose end is not an asking why.

"But I'm astray, beginning ill
To lose myself in setting out;
It was my new wife Damaris
That you were asking me about.

"Your interest was an innocence,
And your concern was no surprise.
Well, I have brought her home with me,
And you may find her in my eyes.

"In general, there's no more to tell;
Yet there's this in particular:
She knows the way the good God made
My fur to lie; and in so far

"As that's enough, you know the rest.
You know as much as I may learn,
Should we go to the end of time
Together, and through time return

"To where we are. I should like that,
Ad infinitum. So you see
How graciously has fate prepared
A most agreeable trap for me.

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"For where we stay because we must,
Prison or cage or sacrament,
We're in a trap. This world is one,
Obscurely sprung for our ascent,

"Maybe, till we are out of it,
And in another. Once I thought
My cage was dark; but there was light
To let me see that I was caught

"For always there, with Damaris
In the same cage. It's large enough
To hold as many as two of us,
With no constraint worth speaking of.

"The Keeper, who's invisible,
Reveals himself in many a sign,
To caution me that I shall read
And heed the benefits that are mine—

"I don't say hers. Still, if she likes
Her cage with me, and says it's home,
And sings in it, what shall I say
That you may not find wearisome?

"You doctors, who have found so much
In matter that it's hardly there,
May all, in your discomfiture,
Anon be on your knees in prayer

"For larger presence of what is
In what is not. Then you will see
Why Damaris, who knows everything,
Knows how to find so much in me.

"She finds what I have never found
Before; and there's a fearsome doubt,
Sometimes, that slumbers and awaits
A day when Damaris finds out

"How much of undistinguished man
There is in her new destiny.
When she divines it, I shall not
Be told, or not immediately—

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"Nor ever, if I'm as amiable
As her attention apprehends.
I'm watching her, and hiding tight
Within me several odds and ends

"Of insights and forbearances
And cautious ways of being kind,
That she has dropped like handkerchiefs,
Conceivably for me to find.

"But one shall not acquire all this
For nothing, or so it would appear.
I've lain awake establishing
Her permutations in a year—

"Not always indispensable,
You say; and yet, for recompense,
Revealing, when it looks like rain,
A refuge of intelligence;

"Which, with all honor to the rest
That makes a cage enjoyable,
Is not the least of ornaments
That every woman may as well

"Inherit as an amulet
For disillusions unforeseen—
Assuming always that for her
May still be some that have not been.

"Meanwhile, perfection has a price
That humor always has to pay
With patience, as a man may learn
Of woman when she has her way.

"While Miriam lived, I made a book
To make another woman wise.
Blessed are they who are not born
Above instruction by surprise.

"But there was wisdom in it too;
And there are times her eyes are wet
With wonder that I should foresee
So much of her before we met.

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"Again, when her complexities
Are restive, or she may have bruised
An elbow on the bars of home,
I may be for a time confused;

"But not for long. She gratifies
A casual need of giving pain;
And having drawn a little blood,
She folds her paws and purrs again.

"So all goes well; and with our wits
Awake, should go indefinitely—
Sufficient without subterfuge,
Harmonious without history.

"You'll find us cheerful prisoners
Enough, with nothing to bewail.
I've told you about Damaris;
And I'll go home."—Poor Annandale!

Poor Damaris! He did not go
So far as home that afternoon.
It may be they offended fate
With harmonies too much in tune

For a discordant earth to share
Unslain, or it may just have been,
Like stars and leaves and marmosets,
Fruition of a force unseen.

There was a crash outside my door,
And after that there was no doubt
Of what there was; and I was there
To watch while Annandale went out.

No pleasure was awaiting me,
And there would have been none for you;
And mine was the one light I had
To show me the one thing to do.

Sometimes I'll ask myself, alone,
The measure of her debt to me
If some of him were still alive,
And motionless, for her to see;

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Sometimes I'll ask if either of them,
Could they have seen so far ahead,
Had been so sure as I am now
Of more than all he might have said.

I'll ask, and ask, and always ask,
And have no answer; or none yet.
The gain that lives in others' loss
Is one that others may forget

For a long time. A doctor knows
The nature of an accident;
And Damaris, who knows everything,
May still be asking what it meant.

How Annandale Went Out

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

"They called it Annandale,—and I was there
To flourish, to find words, and to attend:
Liar, physician, hypocrite, and friend,
I watched him; and the sight was not so fair
As one or two that I have seen elsewhere:
An apparatus not for me to mend—
A wreck, with hell between him and the end,
Remained of Annandale. And I was there.

"I knew the ruin as I knew the man;
So put the two together, if you can,
Remembering the worst you know of me.
Now view yourself as I was, on the spot,—
With a slight kind of engine. Do you see?
Like this . . . You wouldn't hang me? I thought not."

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I was the first rider up, and Fred done the snubbing while I done the saddling.—Page 140.

From a drawing by Will James.

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I sure missed my old saddle thru all that commotion, but somehow I was having a lot of fun a trying to figger out the puzzle of sticking to this new one, and the deeper the puzzle got the more I had to laugh.—Page 141.

From a drawing by Will James.

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"The Turning Point"

ALL IN THE DAY'S RIDING

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY THE AUTHOR

THE last bucking horse I rode is, or was a couple of years ago, about as good a bucking horse as there was n the West, I could just as well say in the vhole world because there's no fighting ›onies nowheres that can come up with he western range horse of the U. S. on ›ucking ability that way.

Anyway, he was some bucking horse, ınd many a bronk rider would tell you o. We called him "Happy" because he ooked anything else but that. His head vas about as long as my arm, which is ›retty fair length, and his body matched ıp with that head, but there the propor- ions ended, for his neck and legs was hort and thick and didn't at all match vith that head and body of his. I'd vatch him graze once in a while and I'd ıave to laugh when I'd notice how, on ıccount of his head being so long and ıis legs so short, he'd hardly have to ›ow his neck to reach for the grass. He was built like one of these Dutch hounds, two horse long and one horse high.

But that build of him was all a feller could find to grin at about that horse, and the minute a feller got up in the middle of him, all grins, if there was any, faded away, and a mighty con- cerned interest took place.

The way I come to meet up with this particular horse was very average, but what all he done to me wasn't at all average.—I'd come up from the deserts of southern Nevada, I'd been breaking horses for an outfit down there, and I'd got to feeling that being at a camp all by myself with them bronks, fifty miles from nowheres, didn't strike me as the best a feller could get out of life. If I'd had somebody to haze the bronks I was riding, and keep 'em out of the deep washes they'd run or buck into, things wouldn't been so bad, but there I was alone, and I was getting leery that I'd soon begin talking to myself.

Another thing is that I was getting fed up on breaking horses. The reckless feeling I'd had a few years before had received quite a few knocks and made my breath come short often. I'd got in a few mix ups with them ponies that left scars and broken bones to remind me, and as time went on and them mix-ups accumulated there'd come a day when, getting on an ornery horse, I noticed as I put my foot in the stirrup that my spur rowel was ringing. My whole left leg was shaking, and I begin to grin, but it was a kind of a serious grin, because to me the ring of that spur rowel was the same as a bell ringing that quitting time had come. I was getting nervous, or scared.

I was only twenty-six years old when I started to draw the line on the raw

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ones, and by then I'd spent many years on the backs of fighting ponies. I sat on my first horse when I was about four, and I remember 1900 as the year I got bucked off for the first time and was sent rolling down a hill. I was seven going on eight years old at the time, and I remember the year on account of my foster father buying me my first saddle, all for my own self.

With all the events that followed one another after that I felt by the time I was twenty-six that I'd sure enough done my share in the bronk-fighting game. By then my thoughts kept a going back to different happenings every time I'd climb onto a bowed-back horse, and when finally my spur rowels got to ringing a reminder of my lost nerve—was when I got to thinking of a job with gentler horses, a job where I'd get paid for being a cow-hand and not so much for being a bronk stomper.

I thought of hitting for Oregon, or some good range where there was trees and plenty of water. I wanted a change from the southern Nevada deserts, get a job from some big outfit, not as a bronk-peeler no more, but as an all-around cow-hand, and with a spread where I'd have the company of many riders.

It was while on my way that I met "Happy," that ill built black bucking horse I started telling about. He was the one that finally convinced me for sure that there was nothing in riding bad horses, and that it was high time for me to quit anyhow.

I'd come along to the town of Reno, Nevada. A big Rodeo was being pulled off there, and being I was just in time for the doings, I thought of maybe entering in the contest. But as my luck would have it, and I didn't kick about it, I fell into a steady job of hunting up some early-days' stage coaches for th stage-coach races, and chuck wagon for the same purpose, all to be used o the rodeo grounds. I had to do so muc running around and was kept so bus at that that I didn't get to see onl glimpses of the contest.

The rodeo lasted four days, and I' got to meet many of the boys I'd knowe before, and from near every weste state. I'd met a cowboy I rode with be fore the war, and natural-like him an me got to running together again; the us two run acrost another ranahan, an it was thru him that "Happy" and m got to mix.

Fred Conradt was this third feller' name. He started to break this "Happy horse a few months before, and eve tho Fred was a mighty good hand wit a bronk, and a mighty good rider, hin and that pony couldn't get to agree, an "Happy" would try to buck him of three or four times at every saddling. I seemed like that horse's ambition wa natural-like against anything that ha to do with being under a saddle, and th more Fred tried to make it easy for hin the worse that pony got.

Then Fred, finally losing patience had started to knocking on him. Maybe he thought, that would bring the orneri ness out of him, but it didn't, and ever after a long day's ride that pony would tear things up just the same as if he'd just had a long rest. He'd got to buck so good that Fred begin to wonder often if he'd be able to stick on the next time.

Fred didn't stop to think about i while he was trying to make "Happy" behave that he was setting on a natura born bucking horse, a bad horse that'd always fight and never be good for any-thing but buck and tear things up. Good treatment had been tried on him to the limit, I know, because Fred likes horses

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oo much to ever mistreat any of 'em, ›ut this pony was just plain bad, just ıke you find a bad man sometimes ·mongst the best of people.

Them is the kind of ponies that go to nake up the bucking horse strings that's hipped to all the big Rodeos like them hat's held every year in such places as 'hicago, Calgary, New York, Pendle-on, and Cheyenne. They are the west-rn range horses. Most of 'em are half-›reds and big, fine looking horses, but ›eing born and raised in the open, sel-ïom seeing a human till they're four ears old or more, they get every bit as ⁄ild as a deer, as strong and powerful as ho they was built of tempered steel, and s active and dangerous as a cornered iger. When one of them horses is in-lined to be bad, he is sure enough *bad* nd no fooling.

"Happy" was turning out to be that ind. The more he was rode the more e got to know how to buck, and noth-ng else but. If while riding the hills red started him out after some bunch-quitting critter that pony wasn't at all nterested in heading 'er off, and in-tead he'd bog his head and make the owboy buckle down to some real rid-ng.

Fred rode that horse off and on for bout a month, then work being over ⁄ith that outfit for a spell, he turned him oose, caught up his private ponies and ıit out for new range. Two months went y and then come time for the Rodeo, nd after another month something ame up which made Fred think of Happy."

By that time me and Fred and this ther feller I used to know before the ⁄ar, his name is Elmer, we all got pret-y thick, and the way the three of us ept together you'd think we was all handcuffed to one another. We never mixed with nobody else much unless it was some other cowboy, and we'd have the fun of our lives playing tricks amongst ourselves, and arguing about things that didn't amount to nothing.

It was while we was feeling rollicky that way one day that one of us suggested a little riding. Not riding along a path or nothing like that, but real riding, a good bucking horse or anything that was hard to set. Then, natural-like, Fred thought of "Happy." He got on his horse and rode out to get him, then two more horses was hunted up, one was "Hell-Morgan," a good bucker, and the other "Soleray," he was no slouch either.

"Hell-Morgan" was one of the buckers they'd had at the Rodeo, he done a good job there, and me being sort of fed up on bronk riding, and, as I said before, wanting to set on gentle horses for a change, I didn't crave so much for "Hell-Morgan" as a mount. I thought I'd like that long-bodied black best which Fred brought in. That was agreeable all around, so I drawed "Happy," Fred was to take "Hell-Morgan," and Elmer "Soleray."

The happenings that followed might go to show that when a feller makes up his mind to quit a thing he'd better do it or something most always happens which makes him wish he had. Of course I hadn't for sure made up my mind to quit as yet, but I'd thought about it and that amounted to the same thing.

Then again, and being I'd sort of figgered to leave rough horses alone, I'd got me a new saddle made. It was a saddle for roping and not so good for bronk riding. It was a full flower-hand-carved double rig, a daggone pretty little saddle and with a low fork and extra low cantle. The boys used to kid me about that cantle, saying all it was good for was

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to keep a feller from setting down.—I found that out.

And, to be real stylish, I'd ordered a pair of long twenty-six inch tapideros to go over the stirrups of that saddle and hang down. They're fine to work a herd with, but they're not so good on a bucking horse and I'd never rode one with tapideros before. Any rider will tell you that that's *some* disadvantage, specially with a stiff pair like mine was, and I figgered I was as much handicapped getting on a hard bucking horse with that outfit as Dempsey would be entering the fighting ring with gum boots on.—But being it was all for fun I didn't think about it.

This all might sound like a lot of excuses for what all goes on, and maybe it is, but I don't think there's anybody can face the sudden facts that he's a "has-been" without putting up some excuse about it, not if he's been in the game deep enough. And I still allow that I could of scratched that pony every jump he made if I'd had my old saddle, not that my old saddle was sure proof against getting throwed, because no such saddle can be made, but, if I do say it myself, no bronk got out from under me while I used that old "kak" and I'd rode and stomped some bronks in it that was as tough as "Happy" ever was. It was a kind of a slick rig too, but I knowed every inch of it—I knowed just how much room I had in it, and how loose I could ride without having it go from under me. And being I never rode on main strength, and never hung on a spur, I had to have *something* to go by which would give me a halfways even break with the horse I was riding.

With that new saddle, which was all different from the old one, I feel that "Happy" had all the advantage and me none, and I'll never forgive myself fo getting on him so careless like, becaus that was the last hard horse I ever rod and I'd sure like to feel now that I di ride that last one to a fare-you-well.

Anyway, as I slapped my new saddl on "Happy's" round back, I didn't thin about no such a turning point as ha pened in my life a short while after.

I was the first rider up, and Fred don the snubbing while I done the saddlin I looked at them long tapideros th while and had a hunch I should tak 'em off, but the hunch wasn't stron enough, and anyway I didn't want t take the time.

A blindfold over his eyes, "Happy stood spraddle-legged and hardly moved He was a true bucking horse, and h was saving all there was in him till th time come for him to put in his goo work. And he was in mighty good shap to do that too, because it'd been thre months since he'd been rode last, an all he'd had to do in that time was t feed up on tall bunch grass, get fat, an stack up on orneriness.

Fred didn't reckon on that then, nei ther did any of us, and we wouldn' cared anyway. So, as it was, and as Fre figgered, I was only getting on an aver age bucking horse, hard enough, bu nothing special. He reckoned he'd b easy pickings for me.

We was all joking and grinning a usual when I eased my leg over the sad dle and stuck my toe in the stirrup or the other side. "Happy" sort of squatted as I reached over and yanked the blind fold off his eyes, and then things started from there.

It was a wicked start, and the boys, a they told me afterwards, was just as sur prised as I was. That pony seemed like to just blow up. He went up in the air from where he'd squatted, his head dis-

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ıppeared, and nothing was in sight but h saddle, which hit me from all sides ınd whirled as it hit.

Being I felt kind of rollicky myself, ınd was riding for fun, I had to laugh ıt the time on account of the confusion ɔf things. That saddle seemed greased, ınd that little cantle at the back was all hat kept me knowing of my where-'bouts, only, sometimes it'd remind me oo well and near knock me off. It'd ɔound me a few times and then it'd miss, ınd when I thought I was getting onto he hang of that pony's tactics he'd hange 'em just that sudden and bring ɔn new styles, but I kept track of that antle some way and stayed straight up, ven if I couldn't get lined out to riding.

Most horses when they first go to ɔucking bow their necks and make a ong hard forward jump, but this "Hap-ɔy" horse done just the opposite. He ɔowed his neck sure enough and ducked ıis head out of sight, but he didn't go orward and up, instead he went up and vhirled backwards. He'd hit the ground s hard as he could and three or four imes at each whirl, and each time back-vards. He was what the bronk riders call "spinner" and I was just beginning to ealize that and ride according when he vent to side-winding, then other ways vhich, far as I know, is not described ɔy names.

I sure missed my old saddle thru all hat commotion, but somehow I was ıaving a lot of fun a trying to figger out he puzzle of sticking to this new one, ınd the deeper the puzzle got the more had to laugh. I'd never seen myself ·ide in that style before, not since I was ı kid.

Them long tapideros on my stirrups vas some more for me to laugh at which sure kept me interested in trying to keep my feet inside of, for about the first thing that pony done as he whirled was to kick one plum off my foot, the wind had took the other, and there I was, foot loose, and setting on twelve hundred pounds of dynamite that kept exploding several times to the second.

I thought if I could get my feet inside them tapideros again and find the stirrups I could still put up a halfways decent ride, but them daggone long taps was just like a popper at the end of a whip, couldn't get a hold of 'em, and they kept a sticking up under my nose all the time and smacking me on one side and then another.

Being, as I said before, I wasn't much for hugging a horse or ride on main strength, I sure didn't have much to go by as to where and how I was setting. Everything was going up and snapping, even my shirt tail, all a whirling to hit hard and snap some more. Then seeing how I sure could never put up a ride without my stirrups that way, I went to trying to get 'em down from under my nose so I could put my foot in 'em. I grabbed the old nubbin (the saddle horn), a disgraceful thing for a bronk-peeler to do, but what could you expect of a has-been like me, and anyway, being I was riding for fun, I was going to grab it just long enough to get my stirrups—after that I was going to show 'em how riding is done.

But I didn't get to show off that way, because getting them daggone tapideros down where I could slip my feet inside of 'em was like trying to thread a fine needle with boxing gloves on your mitts while shooting the chutes.

But I was bound and determined to get my feet inside them taps if it was the last thing I ever done. I choked the nubbin a little more and went to fishing for 'em. "Happy" had done his worst by then, and I was sure leery he'd quit buck-

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ing entirely before I got them stirrups, because if he did, that sure wouldn't be no ride for me to be proud of. All on account of that strange saddle and them daggone tapideros too.

Thinking "Happy" was about ready to quit, one of the boys, Elmer, rode up alongside of me and asked between jumps if I wanted him to "pick up." I laughed at him and never answered, for I was still in hopes of getting my stirrups and putting up some sort of a ride before the horse was ready to quit.

But I was too late now. Gradually, "Happy's" head begin to come up, the hard hitting jolts eased up to long easy crowhops, and I knowed that any minute his head would come up all the way and he'd go to stampeding with me. Now was the time to quit him, before he started to run, because he was heading for a patch of heavy timber, and what would happen to me in there on top of that horse would be left for the pine limbs to tell.

There was nothing for me to do now but step off, for the ride, as bum as it was, was over. There was no use looking for stirrups no more, so I sort of eased to one side figgering to throw my leg over the horse's neck as he went and let him go out from under me. But glancing ahead a little to make sure of my footing, I got a glimpse of a railroad track, and then I thought of sticking on a little longer. I didn't want to take no chances of stumbling on that.

It was about then that something happened, and it was all on account of me getting set to step off and then changing my mind. "Happy" had felt me easing to one side, and being the wise horse he was, he took advantage of it. He brought a crooked hard hitting jump of the kind he'd started out with, and it felt to me like he'd stuck both feet in a badger hole that had no bottom to, of a sudden hit solid bedrock, and me being set t step off instead of being set to ride I sur wasn't prepared for no such. I was throwed hard and landed in a heap be tween the railroad tracks, my head hi one of the rails, "Happy" planted on foot in the middle of my back and wen on, then I didn't know no more.

The boys told me afterwards how they was sure scared that I was a dea one. They said I was all twisted, ches down, face up to the sky, and half of m scalp tore up and hanging over the rail

But I fooled 'em, and after the straightened me up, and got air in m lungs, it wasn't long when I begin t grin at 'em— The first thing I though of was how I'd spoiled the fun by goin to work and getting hurt, and I figgere on making up for that in a way so i wouldn't strike 'em as very serious. went on grinning, started to brush th dirt off my clothes unconcerned lik and even went to singing an old song th cowboys all know, "Bury me not on th lone prairie."

A little crowd had gathered around b then, and one feller hearing me sing remarked, "He's out of his head."

"You'd be out of your head too," come back at him, "if you'd tried t bend a railroad track with it."

The boys kidded me about that fo a long time afterwards and said that th railroad company was going to sue m for damages, but they wasn't kiddin much when the accident happened, an I couldn't fool 'em none as to how ba I was hurt. Blood was streaming dow from my head plum down to the toe o my boots, and after trying to put all th hide back in place over that dome' o mine, somebody around who had a ca was kind enough to offer to take me to doctor.

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That was the wind up of the last bucking horse I rode. I felt the effects of that for a couple of years afterwards on account that during that last ride an old internal injury had been stirred, and it began to bother me again.

And that's how come I didn't go to Oregon, as I'd first planned. "Happy" had proved to be my turning point, a mighty rough one maybe, but my turning point sure enough. While I was recuperating I happened to think of a mining man I'd met who said he'd give me a grand letter of introduction to an editor of a magazine on the west coast. This mining man knowed the editor well, and being he'd seen some of the drawings I'd made and which I'd packed 'round from cow camp to cow camp, he'd thought I was foolish not to try and get some of that work in the magazines and make a living that way instead of riding.

I didn't pay no serious attention to that man's good advice right then, most likely if I hadn't met up with "Happy" I'd forgot all about it, and right to-day I'd still be riding for a living—not that I'd mind that so much, but this ain't so bad either, and being a has-been I'd rather draw and write about that life than take a back seat as a rider.

So, if I'm to be thankful, "Happy" is the one who'd get the first thanks. He's the one who jolted the mining man's advice back to my memory, and fixed me so I'd have time to think about it afterwards. He's the one that showed me for sure that I'd rode one too many broncs, and that it was high time for me to quit and be sensible.

I often thought about that afterwards, and when I bought my little outfit here in Montana and had Fred come up to run it for me, I wanted to get "Happy" and turn him loose amongst the tall grass of my best range, and just have him to look at as a reminder. But Fred tells me that "Happy" got valuable after I left the cow country and hit for the art world. He tells me, and so does a few other riders, that "Happy" made a big name for himself amongst the Rodeo bucking horses, maybe not as big a name as some of 'em did, but he was as good as any, and bucked his man off as often as the best of 'em.

And come to think about it, that careless ride I put on "Happy" proved to be his turning point too, because up till then there was talks of putting him in the harness and breaking him to work. "Happy" would of been pulling a wagon for the rest of his life, and I know that wasn't his calling because he put too much heart in his bucking.

The next year I was pushing a crayon in my rope hand and making pictures of bucking horses and such for the magazines. In the summer of that same year "Happy" was entered as a bucking horse at a big rodeo and when he come out of the chute he bucked his rider off in the first jump. That rider was a good one too, he'd rode many hard buckers and qualified high at many contests, but when he came out on "Happy" that day he didn't get nowheres, and he was heard to say afterwards that he'd never seen so many horses at one time as he seen in that black horse.

Off and on I'd hear some more about "Happy's" bucking ability. He got to be a wanted horse at many a rodeo thru Northern California and bucked many a good man off. Good riders who'd come from far and near to compete for the prize money that was offered, and these men was serious in their riding, they didn't straddle "Happy" nor none of the buckers with no low forked, low cantle, roping saddle, and there was no tapi-

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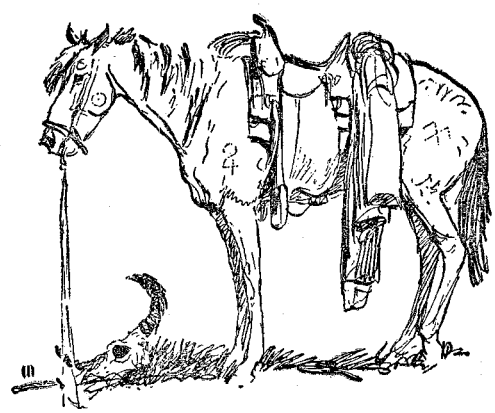
deros on their stirrups to interfere with their riding; but "Happy" bucked many of 'em off just the same, and as I heard it often, about every other man fell by the wayside when they came out of the chute on that horse.

"Happy" was right in the thick of what he was cut out for. It was an art with him, the same as it is with any good bucking horse—he was born to it. He kept a going up at that game, and then one day I heard that he was in the bucking string at the Pendleton round up, one of the biggest contests in the world and at such an event where none but the world's fightingest bucking horses are gathered.

"Happy" had reached the top of the ladder as a bucking horse, and he was at the same standing a prize fighter was when under Tex Rickard's wing, only maybe not as profitable— But "Happy" didn't care, not as long as he could buck a man off.

I was mighty glad, and sort of proud, at hearing of "Happy's" high standing as a bucking horse, because I feel that I had a lot to do in the turning point in that pony's career, and also mine, because if it hadn't been for him maybe I wouldn't be writing and drawing about him to-day. We was more or less one another's object which turned us from aimless ramblings to the way our natural talents pointed; and now, somehow, I don't feel so bad for getting on that horse with a saddle that gave him all the advantages.

I don't feel so bad that I'm a has-been that I put up such a bum ride, and was hindered with them long tapideros, on the last bucking horse I straddled, because now I see where providence played a hand, and some day I'd like to see "Happy" again, and I'd like to touch his black hide in a sort of a handshake from one artist to another— But sometimes, as I feel the scar that runs over the top of my head, I do wish I'd had my old saddle that day when I straddled "Happy."



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Elijah

THE PROPHET OF TRAVEL BY AIR

BY JOHN FINLEY

"And Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven"

His "plane" was called "The Spirit of the Lord"
(See chapter two, the Second Book of Kings);
Its fuselage had semblance of a flame,
Or fiery cloud, flung up the morning sky
From Edom where the vats of Bozrah stood
Which He had trod alone with garments dyed.

As one of Solomon's war-chariots
'Twas fashioned, such as they have lately found
At Armageddon. So man shapes the new
From what has been, the steam-car from the coach.

Ezekiel beheld the cherubim
Mounted on wheels that "went up" with the wings—
No doubt such wheels as bald Elisha saw,
The landing-gear of that first heaven-car.

"Horses of fire,"—for motors had not come;
Horsepower was still the stallion's strength, nor had
As yet been harnessed to a piston-rod,
Or in a locomotive engine pent.

As "by a whirlwind" it ascended till
Elisha saw no more; nor found they trace
Though fifty prophet-men went out in search
Three days, "lest peradventure," as they said,
" 'The Spirit of the Lord' hath taken him
And cast him on some crag or in some vale."

. . . . . .

They found him not. Thus he became the first
Of those who skyward flew and ne'er returned.
But his gray mantle that had Jordan cleft,
So that he passed unwetted through the wave,
Has been caught up by new "aëronauts"
Who've made sky-paths across the seven seas
And now attempt the vast, last continent
Where but "The Spirit of the Lord" hath flown.

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Women and Higher Education

BY CLARENCE C. LITTLE

Sex differences and recognition of women's peculiar qualities as the basis of new methods of educating women, advocated by the former President of the University of Michigan. He sees "pseudo-male" ladies, unsympathetic and suspicious of the younger members of their own sex, as a serious complicating factor in the present-day scheme.

THE position of women in the "man-made" scheme of higher education is not that of final adjustment. In the first place we must admit that such a word as "women" connotes and includes a great diversity of types and of individual abilities and characteristics. I propose first of all to eliminate from this discussion the *professional* training of all women who are preparing to enter any of the established professions such as law, medicine, teaching, architecture, or the like. These professions are highly specialized and require at present a definite type or types of curriculum. This leaves us then with the undergraduate woman and the undergraduate man as our material for study and comparison. Thus limited the problem may be considered as being more clearly defined and simplified.

We must not for a moment believe that the "simplification" produced has really provided us with an easy situation. This is far from being the case. Other "clearing" is necessary.

Among the entanglements to be eliminated is the subconscious but very prevalent defensive attitude of many women connected with our colleges as alumnæ or faculty members. They have a way—all their own—of "keeping the pot boiling." All questions dealing with the rights and opportunities of women are sensed by them from afar. We may then bluntly face the well-known fact that in women the problems of physiology of the reproductive system are more closely related to the psychology of the individual than is the case in men. The urge of the present attitude of the modern woman is in the direction of ignoring rather than of recognizing them. This attitude does not solve or simplify the question, it merely complicates matters. The main reason why such women in an educational system cannot be separated from the question of education of undergraduates is in my opinion to be found in certain clear qualities which they frequently possess.

One of these is in their attitude toward men in similar positions. There is a well-known aggressive type of woman which is so jealous of the "freedom" and "opportunities" largely exercised by the male sex, that it resists and resents any limitation natural or acquired in the activities of the female sex. Such a type I have thought of as "pseudo-male" because it imitates and utilizes all the most undesirable and unpleasant "masculine" technic in approaching unsolved problems.

In exercising their "pseudo-male" qualities, however, the aggressive ladies are apt to bring into play the second great influence which affects the present discussion. This is their attitude to-

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ward women students of undergraduate age.

Having themselves forgotten or never having possessed a youth of sufficient normalcy or attractiveness to have developed their emotional contacts with the male sex they consistently think the worst and without trial condemn the younger members of their own sex.

Knowing of a tendency to greater "liberties" among present-day undergraduate women than they themselves ever possessed they allow their own minds to imagine that these liberties mean license and that *use* of freedom necessarily means *abuse*. They thus create and keep open a gap between the "younger generation" and those in charge of the education—the development—of that group. How can this situation be avoided?

In this connection an experiment in progress at the University of Michigan for the past three years may be interesting although admittedly still experimental.

A committee of three young advisers to women students has replaced the former administration of a middle-aged dean of women and of a similarly qualified confidante as her assistant. In this way the joint and combined judgment of three alert and enthusiastic younger individuals has been found by the women students to be far more sympathetic and understanding and at the same time of just as high standard in punishment of proven offenders. The opinion of seniors who have experienced both régimes is overwhelmingly in favor of the present system. This committee of younger advisers removes the problem from the lap of the gods and reduces it to a predictable and workable basis as nearly "fool proof" as it is possible to make it.

II

If we are able then to eliminate as complicating factors both the professional phase of university education and the dissatisfied trouble-making and maladjusted "pseudo-male" alumnæ, teachers and administrators we can see the undergraduate woman student more clearly.

Generalizations are admittedly dangerous but what can we say of her as a group?

In the first place she is more *conservative* than her male counterpart. Without going into this matter exhaustively we may cite one or two lines of supporting evidence.

Socially she yields without violent opposition to "house mothers" in her sororities and to life in dormitories under relatively strict regulations. She as a rule —submits to these conditions gracefully because I believe that fundamentally she respects them as a part of a discipline necessary to training for home life.

Religiously she is far more often a member of an organized church than are male students. The percentages of male and female students at Michigan expressing preference for a denomination contrasted with those who do not express such a preference show that the following condition exists.

College year	Percentage of men with no denominational preference	Percentage of women with no denominational preference
1921–22 ..	17.8	8.7
1922–23 ..	18.6	9.9
1923–24 ..	19.7	10.5
1924–25 ..	19.5	11.1
1925–26 ..	23.7	11.7
1926–27 ..	23.6	15.7
1927–28 ..	23.4	14.8
1928–29 ..	23.3	15.0

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It will be noted that in each year there is a higher percentage of men than of women. To be sure evidence of this type is fragmentary at best but it is supported by the testimony of a number of Christian ministers who find that women rather than men form the backbone of the denominational lay organization and of the congregation as well.

Physically also the undergraduate woman submits to a programme of education with much or all of the stimulus of intercollegiate contacts or competition eliminated. This would be violently resisted by male students.

Whether or not these situations will continue indefinitely as at present is very doubtful.

There are indications that undergraduate women desire the fun and liberty of intercollegiate games and that in religion they are—like the men—becoming increasingly non-denominational. Socially they appear much more satisfied than in the other two respects.

In addition to being more *conservative* women undergraduates also seem to be more *conscientious* than are the men students. This statement requires explanation. If a man comes to college to enter a particular business upon graduation and takes for that reason certain specific courses he naturally may be said to have a "purpose." Attendance records, however, show that women students are more regular even though they have not—in many cases—the added reason of a business career just ahead to drive them to class. Their average academic standing is better than that of men students in almost every coeducational college in the country.

The fact that a higher percentage of women students than of the men are taking college work for less applied and for more "purely cultural" reasons makes their showing in attendance and scholarship all the more indicative of conscientiousness.

III

If we tentatively agree that the woman student is more *conservative* and more *conscientious* than is the male student we may then consider what constructive steps might be attempted. Obviously it will make a great deal of difference whether we begin to build first on her *conservatism* or on her *conscientiousness*. It would seem from every angle that the latter was the proper qualification for major emphasis.

If conscientiousness can be made the key-note in the situation one may fairly expect that women students will take more than an ordinary amount of interest in planning their curriculum, in carrying out their studies once they are planned and in applying the results obtained in their college work to their life as alumnæ.

To discuss adequately any one phase of this matter would rightfully demand much time and space. Since in the present case there is a decidedly limited supply of both it will be necessary to confine the remaining portion of this discussion to a bare outline of some of the more important points to be borne in mind in planning a "general" curriculum for women students.

We may first propose that a principle be accepted—namely that there is an inherent difference or group of differences between the normal man and the normal woman. This is obvious on the physical and physiological side of development and may with entire propriety be extended as a principle to those

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emotional or psychological differences which depend upon physiological bases such as the internal secretions. The literature in this field is abundant and is steadily increasing.

Second we may try to find special fields in which women have excelled and in which they will undoubtedly continue to play the leading rôle. These should be influential in determining the type of curriculum to be developed.

One of the axioms which we may accept is that women will continue to be the means of reproducing infants. This fact remains despite the highly amusing and stimulating speculations of Haldane and others who see in the future the production of ectogenetic children as an established fact. Even if an extreme socialism separates mother and child soon after birth and demands State supervision of infants it will still be women who are best qualified by delicacy, patience, and sympathy to supervise and to enact this part of the work of the new state. Similarly in the care of the sick and the very old, women are able to do things utterly impossible to man. "Mothering" may not be instinctive to woman but the fact remains that they do it, by and large, much more successfully than does man.

With the obvious tendency to decrease the birth-rate in all highly civilized countries the care of whatever children are produced becomes increasingly important. The increase in knowledge which has made selective and voluntary parenthood a common and important part of intelligence and which has given us a glimpse of the vast possibilities of child psychology and of child health programmes has also dignified and amplified a thousand times the rôle of woman in civilization.

IV

The curriculum for all undergraduate women students should in my opinion be built around the recognition of woman's supremacy in the field of intimate human relations.

The field itself has, as I have said, been vastly increased by modern scientific knowledge. It provides immeasurable outlet and opportunity for women to expand their influence on civilization beyond their wildest hopes.

The preference of women in choosing elective subjects already shows that they are appealed to strongly by intangible values and ideals. In a large number of cases they focus about courses in music and the fine arts as opposed to chemistry and physics. If male scientists are at present more interested in and better fitted for collecting research information on the nature of matter, women are best fitted to work out the human relationships and the contact between childhood and its environment.

To devise a curriculum which would familiarize women students with our present knowledge of childhood and its problems and of its development and adjustment to growth and education would do more to stabilize our civilization than would, in my opinion, any other reform in education.

The general suggestions on this topic here presented are admittedly incomplete. They are topics for discussion rather than a detailed programme. They are listed under two main headings. The first deals with foundation subjects in the mastery of the intimate problems of human relations; the second includes a brief consideration of certain of the more important fields in which this knowledge may be applied.

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Under the first main heading may be listed a group of subjects in human biology. A course or courses on the structure of the body, on its functions, on its care in health and in the simpler and more wide-spread diseases would surely be indicated. Anatomy, physiology, genetics, hygiene, sanitation, bacteriology, dietetics would lend themselves to organization for these purposes.

In addition to this group there should be work in fine arts, music (at least in its "appreciation") and in drama and literature. Wisely digested these are of inestimable value to a woman as the omnipresent cultural background providing recreation and mental normalcy in the home.

The "applied" phase may also be subdivided into two main groups. The first deals with the care and development of children. It naturally includes infant and child psychology, and some work on the nature and organization of the educational system. The field of social service and of organized charities also in its broadest sense belongs here.

The second group is more general. It should include American (United States, Canadian, and Latin American) history and the history of Europe and Asia. It should also offer a course in the business and economic organization of the United States of to-day. Women need to know more of the work which men have been trying—with indifferent success—to accomplish. To round off this group some study of international problems and policies would be desirable.

Many of the elements in this programme are already available. In some cases a beginning has been made at their organization. There still remains however the need for a broad and comprehensive study of these problems with a view to working out a general four years' course that has cohesion and that develops naturally and progressively to a stimulating and utilizable equipment at graduation.

Man will continue to play with the toys he has made—cities, bridges, railroads, armies, and banks—but woman may, I believe, be trained more early than she is at present, to adopt toward man and his foibles the quiet, strong consolidating point of view that has subconsciously been her heritage through the ages. In this effort a programme planned solely for her best development—as a woman—would greatly aid.

So far is her rôle from being an inferior bit of work that it is becoming increasingly clear that unless she accepts her obligation to acquire leadership in the broad field of human relations, there are many signs that we shall go the way of all other civilizations that have failed to utilize her to her real capacity and in her full strength.

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No, No, Go Not to Lethe

BY CONRAD AIKEN

This literary fellow, who was, as a matter of fact, only *half* literary —his real occupation being that of a teacher of English composition at the college—was named Samuel Pierce Babcock; but he always signed his name S. Pierce Babcock, and managed to have his friends call him Pierce. He disliked the name Samuel, which always seemed to him effeminate, and which in addition had been the name of his father's brother, whom he had detested. Besides, if one had to have a trade name, for literary purposes (and he was perpetually sending out poems, articles, and stories to the magazines), he thought S. Pierce Babcock was much more distinguished than (say) Samuel Babcock. And he rather liked the "social" air of S. Pierce Babcock. He had even thought of droping the Samuel altogether; but to tell the truth, he was prevented by the thought of the formalities he might have to undergo in order to change his signature at the bank.

He lived in a boarding-house in the charming little country town, in Massachusetts, which contained the aforesaid college (the name of which we had better not mention); he had no living relatives; he was a bachelor, aged thirty-two; he knew himself to be rather charming—one of those fortunate young men who unite the virtues of athlete and philosopher; and he prided himself on his complete independence, both socially and intellectually. He picked his acquaintances carefully, kept them carefully at a distance, used them, pumped them, gave himself to them quite liberally up to a certain point, but when that point had been reached became as inscrutable as the Sphinx. He had never yet encountered a human being who was worthy of his ultimate confidence; to no one had he, as yet, ever made full confession, poured from the heart. He had, moreover, an idea that to confess oneself too readily, or too freely, was, *ipso facto,* to weaken oneself. Not only was it a shameful kind of self-indulgence, unworthy of a mature being; it was also a definite and horrible draining of one's spiritual excellence, one's *virtue*. And by virtue he meant a sort of magic.

For this reason, therefore, and because he wanted to maintain this excellence intact for his literary purposes (and likewise for his nocturnal explorations of the truth—a very serious occupation with him) he kept his personal relationships at a decent minimum. His contacts at the college he managed very skilfully. He was tactful, friendly, on occasion he could be quite sufficiently convivial; he prided himself somewhat on his ability (a real one) to be all things to all men; and at the end of his second year of teaching he was, if not exactly popular, at any rate well liked. He could spend an evening with cheerful cocktail drinkers and get slightly tight; he could dine with a pair of middle-aged professors and discuss Grimm's law; or play a game of billiards with the manager and quarterback of the football team; or even, if necessary, attend a tea at the

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president's house, where he made himself agreeable to the president's wife. But if he did all these things easily, he did not do them often; and he never encouraged these acquaintances to seek him out. He became known by degrees as something of a mystery. He was respected, looked up to, and he was well aware of this; he knew that people pointed him out as that "brilliant young Babcock"; but he was determined to allow no liberties to be taken. His life—his precious and secret life—was to remain inviolably and wonderfully his own.

Just what he wanted to do with this, or make of it, he could not precisely have said. It was something as yet unformulable: it changed its shape from day to day and night to night like a cloud; at times it seemed extraordinarily near and immediate, as close and intimate as the sparrow on the window-sill; as definite as a yellow willow-twig, which the rain had darkened; but at other times it was as elusive as one of those chance fragrances which awaken in one's memory, for a flash, some poignant forgotten scene of which the poignance is all that one can recall. Nevertheless, the seeking of this thing was his business. He went deep into his soul for it, as if it were a cavern or mine and himself a miner. Whenever he picked up in his reading, or in his daily life, any sort of clew to the mystery, no matter how slight, he was at once eager to try it out; and down at once he would go into himself with this little lantern in his hand; and up again, after a while, he would come, defeated, but none the less refreshed and none the less convinced that some day, at last, he would discover the real thing. He was developing, in fact, a keen and insatiable curiosity about every minutest facet of life. Nothing escaped him. His pleasure in merely standing at his window and looking along the street of the country town, and watching (himself unobserved) the comings and goings of his acquaintances, their little absurd manipulations of each other, and the effect of wind or weather on them, the rain on their hats, the wind blowing their skirts, the scarf that had to be removed from the cheek—all these things gave him an astonishing sense of wonder. In such things as these the secret was not far off: in these, and in the fact that he *understood* them. When he saw the professor of biochemistry making exactly the gesture, with his elbow, which he had foreseen, he experienced a definite intimation of immortality, and permitted himself (standing in his window) a self-conscious crow of pleasure. And this too he immediately understood, but did not despise. For there was nothing despicable.

And on the plane of personal relationship this business of exploration was perfectly inexhaustible. Here, indeed, was the real world: a vista of miracles as vast and interminable as the steppes and tundras of Asia, the prolific human jungles of India and China; a universe of star-fields; a soundable space which was all depth and height and fecundity. Each human creature with whom he came into contact, no matter how grazingly, was a marvel to be apprehended. He flattered himself that his tactilism was becoming an instrument of surpassing delicacy and divination: frequently, with one look, he penetrated to secrets of a personality which that personality itself might spend a lifetime in misunderstanding. And when opportunity afforded for a longer and more careful scrutiny, as with his pupils and his colleagues, he cherished with the nicest care his gradual peeling of layer after layer from the unsuspecting soul. It gave

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him a special ecstasy, in such cases, if, while thus reaching to the very ore-seams of another's soul, he could maintain his own soul's silence unbroken. An overwhelming sense of power came over him when he saw that soul's defenses going down, one by one, under the minute blows of his searching and surgical curiosity. Gradually, day after day, he moved closer to the frightened centre of that being; he drove it in, as mowers in a field, moving always nearer to the field's middle, drive in the rabbit or the fox; until at length came the instant when the poor creature bolted; and for him, the onlooker, this was the moment of miracle.

II

As might be imagined, his boarding-house was an admirable source of entertainment for him, and within a year of his arrival he had discovered everything transacted within it which was of the smallest interest. In this, of course, he had to exercise a fine discretion; it would never do to permit to any of these people the seeking of an intimacy. But as a matter of fact there had been no great difficulty about this. There was something in him—it was probably the keenness of his mind, his unsleeping critical faculty—which could always be counted on to keep these simpler folk at a comfortable distance. Mrs. Holt, his landlady, was unobtrusive and businesslike; Mandell, an instructor in history, and rather a pedagogue, who at first had been somewhat inclined (being lonely) to drop in of an evening for a smoke, had been tactfully impressed with the fact that the evening was sacred to the Muse; Wright, a terrible bore, with large teeth and large ears, who worked in the local bank, had given him up on discovering in him faint traces of socialism and pacifism; and the old couple who had the room opposite his own, the Brownlees, were decently self-absorbed. What there was to know about these good people he knew. Together they constituted for him, as time went on, a kind of unified organism: he always thought of them as belonging to each other and to him and to the house. Their toothbrushes hung in the bathroom, he knew their slippers, their bath-robes, their neckties, their breakfast habits, the names of their correspondents, their views on life. Now and then there was a minor altercation, as when one or another of them used the bath too indecently long; or a breeze of jealousy or competition would momentarily set them a-shaking; and these outcroppings and cross-currents he noted with delight. But for the most part they were miracles of expectedness: they seldom any longer surprised him; and the sense of joy he extracted from living with them, which was still very real, was largely derived from the queer feeling he had of being, in a sense, the house's *consciousness*. He carried the whole thing in his mind. When he lay in his bed, of a spring evening, looking out of his window at the locust-tree, he felt, between the house full of human beings and himself, an almost physical identity. He could hear Mrs. Brownlee coughing, as usual, and old Brownlee thumping his shoes off, and Wright singing in the bathroom, and Mrs. Holt talking, at the back door, to the cat. Mandell was inaudible: he would be sitting, of course, at his hideous golden-oak roll-top desk, with a green visor on his noble brow, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, a very masculine array of pipes scattered round him (he was one of those pedagogues who affect the minor masculine characteristics, just to prove to themselves that they are men) and a drop-

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lamp focussed glaringly on an opened book. His room was stuffy, and always smelt a little of sweat. . . . And then the back door was shut, Mrs. Holt's footsteps mounted the carpeted stairs, she said a good night to Wright, whom she encountered, the Brownlees got laboriously into bed, or Brownlee put his head out of the window and said it was a fine night, and the house came to rest; coming to rest, to all intents and purposes, in the brain of S. Pierce Babcock.

III

In May, the Brownlees went away to California, with every intention of staying there till one or both of them died. Their departure was as casual as their arrival had been: no fuss was made about it. They had their breakfast as usual, without the slightest deviation of habit, said their good-bys unexcitedly, and at lunch were gone. Mrs. Holt took the occasion to give the room a thorough housecleaning, and Babcock in turn took the occasion to inspect it: he had thought it might be preferable to his own. He walked in after dinner on the same evening, lighted the gas, and examined it. It had two windows, being a corner room; that was its chief advantage; but in other respects he didn't especially like it. The wall-paper was an affair of roses on trellises, the chest of drawers was painted a bright blue, and over the large old-fashioned wooden bed hung a steel engraving of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus."

Babcock's motive for making this careful inspection was, in truth, a double one. His intention of transferring to this room was not very serious; but it had occurred to him that here, for his study of the next occupant, was material which he could not afford to ignore. Not that there was anything of importance about the room itself, or anything remarkable in it: but simply because, such as it was, it was destined in the nature of things to be the outer shell of whatever queer individual should next occupy it. This was a fact which *was* important; and in making the room's acquaintance he felt that he was already, in advance, stealing under the barriers of that unknown individual. Here was the vast varnished bed he would sleep in: he would look out of the front window at the locust-tree: he would place his hair-brushes on this blue chest of drawers: his neckties would hang from this mirror, his handkerchiefs would make themselves at home in this top drawer (from which Mrs. Holt had not removed the traces of talcum powder): and every morning on waking he would see Venus standing above him on her scallop shell. Babcock smiled a kind of cerebral smile of satisfaction as he foresaw all this. He felt like an inspired interloper. When he returned to his own room, and his table littered with papers, he was several steps nearer to the Thing-in-itself.

He had not foreseen, however, the delicious extra turn of the screw which fortune was to give to his pleasure. This was the arrival and installation, in the prepared room, of a rather charming young woman, Miss Mary Anthony, who came from Burlington, Vermont. She appeared one day at lunch, was introduced, and gave every promise (Babcock thought) of becoming an unusually interesting member of the community. She was about twenty-four; rather pale and intellectual in appearance; with a fine forehead, very white, and fine gray eyes—of which the pupils were remarkably large and dark, and, in a curious way, frightened; she was shy, but smiled

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easily; tall and graceful; and she had not bobbed her hair. She had taken a secretarial position in the Bursar's office, and she was, it soon appeared, a college woman herself.

Babcock was surprisingly excited by all this. This was indeed a find, a prize specimen. He was not above a normal interest in the opposite sex—far from it. He was quite willing to expose himself to its charms, so long as he could keep himself unscathed, his independence unimpaired. He had never had a love affair, and for some peculiar reason did not especially desire one; but his relations with women were easy and pleasant, and always aroused his curiosity to an unusual degree. He wanted extremely to know what they felt, how they lived, what they thought, what sort of clothes they wore. And no such first-rate opportunity as this had ever yet presented itself to him. This charming young creature was simply delivered into his hands; and her shyness, her apparent fugitiveness—something a little suggestive in her of one doomed by some sort of tension to celibacy—particularly sharpened the prospect of his pleasure.

Not only this, but also he could not help noticing at once that he had, in the present situation, an extraordinary advantage. This was the fact that he alone, of the boarding-house community, was capable of arousing in Miss Anthony a reciprocal interest. Wright bored her immediately; and poor Mandell, who was as unimaginative and humorless as he was sexless, simply did not exist for her. She was nice to him, as indeed she was to every one, but that was all.

It was for Babcock that she reserved what vibrance of response she was capable of: if, in the first few days of her stay, he had suspected this—during that period in which he was making the preliminary explorations—he was soon to become convinced of it. He could talk to her (if he chose) of the things that interested her: of Verlaine and Rimbaud and Gauguin: of James and Dostoevsky and Havelock Ellis. In fact, her interests were if anything too perilously like his own, and he discovered in this at the outset a sense of power over her of which he would have to be sparing, lest she tend to become something of a nuisance to him. It would never do to rush it. The thing must be managed with care and precision, she must be alternately stimulated and repressed; and if she showed signs of coming forward too much, or of desiring to make, of the acquaintance, more than he himself wanted to make of it, he would have to be coldly indifferent to her.

This he managed with great skill for the first three months of her stay. Clearly he had baffled her. She did not know what to make of him. He was so charming to her at breakfast, or lunch, or dinner; now and then he would really let himself go, and talk to her freely (or so it seemed); and then again, of a sudden, he would become exceedingly remote, reply to her in amiable monosyllables, allow her questions to fall unanswered, or even, on occasion, avoid her altogether by absenting himself from the boarding-house table for days at a time. If he encountered her in the street he did not, as she obviously expected, pause to say something to her, but gave her merely the stiffest of bows. He could see, at such times, how puzzled, or even hurt, she was, and how she would hurry past him more fugitive than ever. She would lower her head and check her delicious smile and try to pretend that she had not meant to be quite so friendly. But it was apparent enough that she was deeply hurt and chagrined.

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IV

In August he went to the White Mountains for a month. He had made his plans for this some time before. Even if he had not planned the expedition, however, he would now have decided on some such move: for he could see, or, to be more precise, he could *feel* that his affair (to give it the name) with Miss Mary Anthony was reaching an acute stage. She was clearly fascinated by him. He could not be mistaken about this: his whole consciousness had, by degrees, devoted itself to this one problem. It was the most interesting thing that was happening to him at the moment—literature and philosophy had gone by the board. Gently, slowly, delicately, insidiously, he had wormed his way through her guard; his awareness had surrounded her completely; he saw himself as a kind of psychological octopus; a vampire; taking no *personal* interest in her, never for a moment allowing an atom of his own feelings to become involved, he had nevertheless attached himself to her with an exhausting completeness, and had, for her, assumed an exhausting importance. He had made not the slightest move toward the putting of the acquaintance on a basis of friendship. He had never once invited her to take a walk with him, or to go to the local movie with him—he had never given her an opportunity to see him except, casually, at the table. Lunch or breakfast or dinner over, he always rose immediately and withdrew. To her tentative smiles, in the hallway or on the stairs, he replied with a smile as formal and elusive as he could make it. . . .

Just the same, he had made himself indispensable to her. He had only to come and seat himself opposite her at the table to feel the slight shock that went through her whole being. She became alert, she stiffened, her shyness was magnified, even the little gestures with which she ate her food became self-conscious. Studiously, she would attempt to make her conversation as general as possible, avoiding (when she could) any appearance whatever of talking rather to him than to the others. But of course she did not for a moment deceive him. He knew that she was living for him alone, and living exorbitantly for him. Not only this: he also knew that she knew that *he* knew this. And by degrees, thus, a very queer relationship had sprung up between them. Wright and Mrs. Holt and Mandell and old Miss Fairfield (who had recently moved into the attic room) saw nothing of this. They all accepted the acquaintance between them as of the ordinary boarding-house kind—polite, amiable, uninsistent; an affair of the table and nothing more; and if they perhaps now and then resented a shade the fact that Miss Anthony and himself occasionally took the conversation into intellectual fields, or Parnassian pastures, where they themselves could not comfortably follow, they nevertheless attached no importance to this.

Babcock, however, did. The pressure, he felt, was becoming acute. Miss Anthony had made no overt move, but he had from time to time an uneasy feeling that at any moment she might do so: she had waited, hopefully, not to say expectantly, for *him* to make some such move—and as he had not given a single sign of the required sort, he was increasingly certain that she contemplated some such sign herself. What form would this take? He was not sure: but he greatly enjoyed thinking about it; at the same time fearing that it might be a nuisance.

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For this reason he decided that his month's absence would be a good thing. He went off to Jackson and forgot her. Not wholly: there were days when (to tell the truth) he could not effectually banish her from his mind. She was there, like a color or stain on his consciousness, and he was forcibly reminded of the important part she was playing in his emotional life. Toward the end of his stay in the mountains this became increasingly insistent, and his energetic expeditions to Crawford Notch and Franconia, and his three ascents of Mount Washington, followed by a night in the Madison hut, did little to mitigate his odd feeling as of being in a hurry. Why should he be in a hurry? No reason at all. She meant nothing to him, nothing whatever. Or rather, she was of interest to him only as the experiment is of interest to the chemist. He was curious to see what was going to happen, and that was all. Why not admit this? He admitted it and breathed a sigh of relief, and decided to take the afternoon train back to Massachusetts.

He arrived, as it happened, too late for dinner, and accordingly his first meeting with her had to be postponed till the day following. He could see that she was in her room: there was a light there, and the light was visible in the crack beneath the door. Moreover, he knew that she had heard his arrival. He shut the door (opposite hers) rather loudly, when he came in; and not very long after this he heard *her* door cautiously but squeakingly open and then shut again. And fifteen minutes later this performance was repeated, and the door this time was *left* open. He approached his own door quietly and listened; but there wasn't a sound.

Her little manœuvre was, of course, quite obvious. He smiled to himself, fingering his lips, and began to luxuriate in the thing. There she was—he knew—sitting in the wicker rocking-chair, or perhaps standing at the blue chest of drawers pretending to tidy her hair; and she was waiting, desperately waiting, to see what *he* would do. She was deliberately exposing herself, deliberately inviting him to make—not the first move, since she herself had already made this—but the second. The door, he imagined, was half-open: she would not be quite so overt, or bold, as to open it wide; partly, no doubt, for fear Mrs. Holt might see it, or Mandell. Her heart was beating violently. In all probability, she hardly knew, in her confusion of emotions, what she was doing. If she was standing at the chest of drawers, then presently she would sit down and pretend to read a book. . . . And as he went over in his mind all these delicious possibilities, or probabilities, he began to wonder, amusedly, what might be the best step for him to take. Should he ignore the affair entirely? Perhaps that would be too cruel? It would be painful for her, it might even make her angry; which would have unpleasant consequences for him at breakfast. Besides, it would in a sense be an avoidance of a *modus operandi* more definitely and courageously creative. And again, he recognized quite clearly in himself a genuine desire to see her and be seen by her. But how best could this be done? . . .

He walked to his window and looked out at the summer evening. It was just growing dark: the street-lights were lit: a star or two was visible in the sky. It would be pleasant, for example, to go for a short walk: out to the bridge and back: which would involve an interval of twenty minutes, or less: so that presumably she would remain, for the in-

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terval, as she was, with the door open; making an excuse of the fact that the evening was warm, and that she desired through her room a current of air. But if he were to undertake this, then the second question became urgent and subtle: should he, or should he not, pause, as he went out, to speak to her? . . . This demanded a careful calculation. The meeting must be as casual as possible. And in view of her terrific state of tension—which he could positively feel, like a vibration of the air—it might be exceedingly difficult to manage it. Would she, for example—as seemed more than likely—presume, after the month's interval, that the tone of their encounter should be cordial, or even *intimate?* It might well be that she would instinctively try to press this advantage, and shift the balance between them, well, sharply toward a confessed state (on her part, at least) of "being in love." Could he trust himself to handle such a situation as this? With just the right mixture of friendliness and aloofness?

He decided that he could; and accordingly, taking his hat from the peg, he stood again beside the door for an instant and listened. There was still not a sound. Evidently she was not moving about—she must, as he had surmised, be reading, or pretending to read; and in this case she would not immediately see him when he opened his door. He opened it quickly and stepped out.

What he saw astonished him, and took him completely off his guard. For she too was standing in her doorway—like him, with her hand on the knob—and with an unmistakable air of having stood there, in a kind of paralysis, for many minutes. Not only had she been waiting for him: she had actually, he realized, been on the point of coming to *see* him. Her whole attitude was alert and intense, as if she too had been listening; and when she saw him, she started, and was horribly embarrassed, as he was himself.

"Oh—" he said, going quickly toward her—"how do you do!"

"How do you do!"

She relinquished the door-knob and held out her hand, which was cold. At the same time she gave a curious little laugh and a shy nod of her head, looking a little to one side and downward. The gesture was oddly attractive, and suddenly made him sorry for her.

"You're still here, I see."

"Yes, I'm still here."

"And as for me, I've come back, like the prodigal son, or the bad penny."

"Did you enjoy the mountains? . . ."

"Very much."

He smiled at her, and she smiled back, biting her lip. With her hand, which she had at first dropped a little awkwardly to her side, she again grasped the door-knob, turning it slightly to and fro.

"I heard you come in," she said, twisting sideways toward her room, as if in sudden access of shyness, "and I was wondering whether to come and say hello."

"Oh." Babcock swung his hat, meaninglessly. "As a matter of fact, I was just wondering the same thing—I mean, whether *I* would come and say hello."

"Were you?"

She said this without any particular emphasis: though for a fraction of a second he wondered whether her intention might be ironic.

"Yes. . . . I was just going out for a little stroll."

"I see. . . . You won't come in?"

"Well"—he hesitated, smiling—

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"Wouldn't you like to come *out* for a little?" He hadn't wanted to say this; it sounded a shade unconvincing; so he hastened to add—"After that ghastly train-ride, I'd like to stretch my legs! . . ."

"Yes, I'd like to. I'll get my hat."

"Good. I'll be waiting down-stairs."

He went down the stairs, suddenly feeling rather frightened. The whole thing had gone wrong, appallingly wrong. What was going to happen now? *Anything* might happen. He walked nervously to and fro in the hallway, put on his hat and took it off again, stared at the Landseer stag over the hat-rack, looked with unseeing eyes at the pile of dusty letters on the table. He could hear her moving quickly in her room—gaily, joyfully. Somehow, she had been too much for him. Was it that she had outwitted him—or was it simply that life itself was outwitting him, for once proving too subtly incalculable? Was she aware of what she was doing? No, he didn't think so. It was simply that all of a sudden this business had fallen upon him with a stupendous force which he had not in the least foreseen. Good God—the thing might really be dangerous. It would have to be controlled at once. They would have to get back to the casual note, and immediately: there wasn't a minute to lose. But could it be done? And here was this walk, a thing he had never done before! How could he possibly counteract the effect, the obvious implications, of that? The step was already taken: there was no undoing it. And it was utterly impossible, now, to be rude about it, to treat her coldly—wasn't it? The break in the logic would be too extreme. And impossible, also, to be explicit about it—to say, abruptly, "Look here—I don't want you to misunderstand my motives in this. . . . I'm not falling in love with you. Not in the least! And you had better not think so. . . ." No, this couldn't be done. It was out of the question. And the more hurriedly he thought, or tried to think, of expedients, the more genuinely terrified and confused he became. . . .

V

He noticed that she was flushed, when she came down the stairs toward him; and this did nothing to mitigate his uneasiness. She was excited, tremulous, and her excitement at once transmitted itself to him. He opened the screen door for her with an unexpectedly awkward gesture, a little strained—a confession of embarrassment which was very unusual with him, and which it gave him no pleasure to recognize.

"I thought—" he said, in a tone which he endeavored to make as light as possible, and at the same time somewhat cool—"we might go to the old bridge. I haven't seen it for a whole month!"

"Five weeks, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes—I believe it is."

For a few minutes they walked in silence. He stole a glance at her, as they passed under a street-light, and saw that she was frowning.

"I suppose," he said, "it's been pretty quiet here. Did you get away at all?"

"Quiet!" She lifted her face and gave a charming little laugh, quite without bitterness. "It's been like a tomb. Literally like a tomb. Or a mausoleum—which sounds even deader. No, I didn't get away. My people are all abroad. . . . And, really, there were times——"

She broke off, and made a shy, quick gesture with one hand, as if the thing transcended speech.

He saw what answer was expected of

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him: but saw also that there was no way of avoiding it.

"Times when *what*—" he said, somewhat brusquely.

She paused, as if getting her breath, and then said:

"When I really thought I'd go melancholy mad. Have you ever been lonely?"

"Lonely! I should say so. But to tell the truth, I rather like it."

"Then I don't believe you know what it is."

"Don't I! As a matter of fact, I've *practised* loneliness all my life. I believe in it."

"Oh!"

An uneasiness had come between them—as if, psychologically speaking, they had fallen out of step. He had deliberately failed to follow her lead, or to allow *her* to follow it; and they were both aware of this. Babcock felt a kind of momentary relief. Perhaps, after all, it wasn't going to be so bad—he was keeping her at a distance. At the same time, he felt horribly conscience-stricken. He stole another glance at her—it was just as they turned the corner of the road into Langham Street, which led to the bridge—and saw that she was definitely unhappy. She had again lowered her chin into the orange scarf at her throat, and with her left hand was lifting a part of the scarf against her cheek. There was something extraordinarily pathetic about the gesture.

"Yes, you may not believe it, but I like it."

"*I* don't," she said; and then on a lower tone, as if half to herself, she added: "Perhaps I've had too much of it. . . . Here, for example, in this funny little town—! . . . I don't know what I would have done, without *you*."

"Me!" Babcock's laugh was somewhat hollow.

"Yes. Those *dreadful* people, at the boarding-house! They'd have driven me mad."

They had come to the bridge: at the middle of it they stopped, by tacit agreement, and rested their elbows on the hand-rail, looking down at the black water. Everything was extraordinarily still. The water itself made scarcely a chuckle, the willow leaves which trailed in it were stirless, a far-away train whistle, with its mournful cry, only deepened the nocturnal peace. And suddenly it seemed to Babcock that all these things—the bridge, the river, the night, the willow-trees, the profound silence—were in a subtle and terrifying way driving himself and this girl together. With a start he realized that his elbow was touching hers: and instantly he moved his arm.

"But those dreadful people—" he said deliberately and coolly—"as a matter of fact have been my chief source of entertainment. I have a passion for studying the human being at close range—it's a habit worth cultivating. If you can do it without allowing them to infringe on you——"

She turned her head and looked at him rather intently.

"You mean to say——!"

"What?"

She averted her face from him quickly, almost angrily.

"Are you as heartless as all that? Heaven knows I don't *like* them! But I don't think I could do that. . . . Just what do you mean?"

"Just exactly that. . . . I like to *surround* them, so to speak, with my awareness. I like to know just what they're doing and thinking, every minute of the

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day. And usually, after they've been there for a month or two, I flatter myself that I do. . . ."

"I see."

"Will you smoke?"

"No, thank you."

Babcock struck a match. The bright flame danced before his face, and he was aware that the girl took the opportunity to look at him rather sharply.

"Well, then," she said, "I suppose you've made no exception of *me*."

"No."

"How funny! How very funny! And I suppose you know *all* about me?"

"Well—I dare say I know a good deal. . . . I've enjoyed thinking about you——"

"Thank you——!"

"Wondering what you were up to—what you thought when you woke in the morning and looked up at the Botticelli 'Venus,' for example—or your blue chest of drawers—oh, all those little odds and ends that make up our lives—so many of them too complex for explicit expression. A kind of divination."

"And all, I suppose, without the slightest feeling for me."

"Well—why *should* I have?"

"And I, meanwhile, have been—in love with you! Isn't it absurd?"

She turned and gave him a queer smile.

"I knew you were," he said quietly. "That was one of the things that most interested me. . . . To tell the truth, I was deliberately experimenting with you. Why shouldn't I be frank with you?"

"Why, indeed, since *I've* been so frank with you!"

"Exactly."

Leaning over the hand-rail, he tapped his cigarette, and the hot ash fell with a faint *psst* into the dark water. He smiled secretly, thinking of the really unparalleled uniqueness of the situation: smiling also because he now at last felt that he had it perfectly under control. His self-consciousness was leaving him. He turned toward her more easily, urbanely. But just as he was about to speak, the girl began laughing—and laughing with such a queer recklessness that for a moment he feared she might be becoming hysterical. She stopped, however, as abruptly as she had begun.

"That really is very funny," she said. "To think of your pacing to and fro in your little room, meditating on the comings and goings of so utterly unimportant a person as me! Did you *really* wonder what I thought about in the morning, when I looked up at the Botticelli 'Venus'? or in just which one of my drawers I kept my knickers? or how often I indulged in delicious thoughts of Mr. S. Pierce Babcock?"

"I really did!"

Babcock tried to give to this statement an air of scientific detachment; but he was aware that it hadn't quite come off.

"Well, go on and tell me some more. This simply fascinates me. Just how, for example, did you think this experiment would end?"

"You'd really like to know?"

"Of course. . . . You see, I'm not quite the sensitive plant you thought I was."

A tremor in her voice just faintly belied this assertion: or was it simply that she was angry? But Babcock decided to be ruthless, and to end the thing once and for all.

"All right, I will. . . . Do you know that story about Dostoevsky, and the girl he had been in love with, who lived in the room next to his? He was tired of

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her; he began to hate her; he ignored her, let her starve; he knew, by a sort of divination—the sort I was just now speaking of—that she was in despair, and about to kill herself; and finally, one night, he actually listened to her in the process of hanging herself. He heard her drag the chair across the bare floor to the gas-fixture: he heard a silence, and then the sound of the chair falling over: and he stood perfectly still, giving her plenty of time to die. . . . A very pretty story. . . . Well, I wasn't quite so ambitious! But I wanted to see just what you *would* do. I knew you wouldn't kill yourself—as somebody remarked in 'Hedda Gabler,' 'people don't do such things.' But I wondered whether my mere presence, combined with my total indifference to you, might not drive you away. And in any case, I wanted to *see*. . . . That's all."

There was a pause, during which they both stared down at the moving water. Babcock felt oddly excited: he found that he was breathing a little quickly. Before he had time to wonder why, the girl patted him twice on the shoulder, reassuringly.

"Well, don't worry," she said. "I'm not going to drown myself or hang myself—'No, no, go not to Lethe!' To be perfectly frank with *you,* in my turn, I don't quite think you're worth it. Don't you *really* think you're one of the most revolting people you've ever met, and one of the unhappiest, and *the* blindest? But I'm sorry for you."

"Thank you!"

"And now I think, if you don't mind, I'll go back to my Botticelli 'Venus' and my blue chest of drawers: to give you the pleasure of wondering what I think about before I fall asleep—which I assure you I shall do without waste of time. . . . Good night!"

Before Babcock could say a word in answer, she had gone: the night had swallowed her up. He stared into the darkness, feeling very foolish. Good Lord—what an extraordinary thing! To run after her would be absurd—he would have to give her a sufficient start. He waited, therefore, flung his cigarette into the river, walked to the other side of the bridge and back, listened to a freight-train in the distance, panting rhythmically as it tried to get under way, then lighted another cigarette and began slowly to take his way homeward. And what would happen now? She had admitted that she loved him. Had her love suddenly turned to hate? Would she cry herself to sleep? No, it was most unlikely. She was probably smiling ironically. She was despising him. Perhaps even she was planning——

The thought made him stop dead: his heart began to beat violently: he felt himself beginning to perspire. Good God—suppose, now, she were to *reverse* the rôles—and make a remorseless study of *him?* She already had the whip hand, for he had told her everything. He was at her mercy—absolutely at her mercy. If now she were to keep *him* at a distance—make *him* the *corpus vile* of a prolonged experiment—watch his comings and goings—freeze him and scrutinize him—could he endure it? Would *he* have to go? . . .

He let himself in through the screen door, went softly up the stairs—resisting, with a queer pang, the impulse to listen, to see if she might be crying—and crawled into bed. For a long while he was unable to sleep.

VI

The next morning he went to Boston—for no particular reason, except that he wanted time in which to collect him-

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self, to try to analyze the extraordinary emotional confusion which had suddenly beset him. He did not see her before he left. He merely informed Mrs. Holt that he would be gone for a week, on business. In a sense, this was tantamount to an admission of defeat; but also, he thought, it might conceivably be a good tactical move.

But Boston, he found, did little to help him. He could take no interest in his favorite pictures at the Art Museum: the movies bored him: his friends were out of town: it was hot and dusty, and his hotel room was not too comfortable. He was troubled with insomnia, also, and even began to wonder whether he might be ill. When Friday came he was glad, not to say eager, to pack his suitcase and go home.

A surprise awaited him: Miss Anthony had gone. Her room was empty —the door was open, and he saw at a glance that all her things had been removed. The Botticelli "Venus" smiled down at a bed which had been stripped: one of the drawers in the blue chest was half open, and on entering he saw that it was empty. A broken match-box lay on the table, and on it a crumpled cigarette stub.

At once an appalling feeling of desolation came over him. His heart contracted. He knocked at Mrs. Holt's door and asked whether Miss Anthony had gone away for a holiday, trying to disguise his agitation.

"A holiday? No, Mr. Babcock, she's gone abroad. She gave up her position suddenly, and went to join her family."

"Did she say for how long? or leave an address?"

"I think it was to be for a year at least. She didn't leave any address—I think she left it maybe at the post-office."

"I see. . . ."

That night, Babcock wrote to her and told her that he loved her. And two months later he received a picture post-card—of a particularly fiendish gargoyle on the cathedral at Amiens—which bore the words: "No, no, go not to Lethe."

Silence

(IN MEMORY OF W. E. W.)

By John Hall Wheelock

There is a mystery too deep for words;
The silence of the dead comes nearer to it,
Being wisest in the end. What word shall hold
The sorrow sitting at the heart of things,
The majesty and patience of the truth!
Silence will serve; it is an older tongue:
The empty room, the moonlight on the wall,
Speak for the unreturning traveller.

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Wall Street Marries Broadway

BY THOMAS McKNIGHT

Financiers find the show business as capricious as a show girl. Will the advertiser have to be called in to make her amenable to quantity production? This is the third article on the new phases of popular entertainment, following "The Screen Speaks" by William de Mille and "Beyond the Talkies" by R. E. Sherwood.

In days gone by, a great deal of Wall Street money was sunk by individuals in backing various theatrical ventures. When the venture flopped, which it frequently did, the investor would retire to lick his wounds in solitude among his stocks and bonds, a sadder and wiser man.

To-day the situation is entirely different. Wall Street is invading the entertainment field in no uncertain way, and show business itself has gone to its corner, bloody and battered, to try to figure out just what has happened to it.

It used to be said that a good showman was not a good business man, and vice versa. The bankers always doubted the latter half of the theory, and with itching palms have watched the vast field of popular entertainment, dominated by showmen, hopelessly, as they thought, mismanaged. Then came the talking-pictures, with the need for new financing, for new operating facilities, for, in short, business men to man the helm. Immediately Wall Street leaped bodily into the breach. The results are already discernible in the present condition of the legitimate stage, vaudeville, and motion-pictures. And the end is not yet.

A review of the situation before the cataclysmic advent of talking-pictures clarifies the matter. When the motion-picture was in its infancy and radio had never been heard of, vaudeville dominated the popular entertainment field. Chains of vaudeville theatres were operated over the country, and producers and actors waxed fat and prosperous. When moving-pictures were making their first appearance the vaudeville magnates, with characteristic foresight, pooh-poohed the whole idea. It was just a fad, nothing more.

But soon they found that their business was being very seriously cut into. Eventually the vaudeville circuits, to reduce prices, were forced to incorporate a motion-picture as part of the entertainment. Before long each vaudeville circuit was affiliated with one or more film-producing units.

This left some of the picture companies out in the cold, with no theatres save a few independents available for their products. So they built competing theatres—and when the picture companies built theatres they built them big, with thousands of seats. The vaudeville circuits retaliated by buying up the independent theatres, and building more new ones.

This war went merrily on until the country was rather thoroughly overseated: many smaller towns had more theatre seats than they had population to sit in them. Receipts fell off, and everybody sat back and began to ask what it was all about. Heads that wore crowns began to toss uneasily.

At this particularly crucial moment

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the Warner Brothers, heretofore just one of many picture-producing names, brought forth the Vitaphone. The idea of talking-pictures was not new—it had been experimented with for years. But the Warners were the first to do anything much about it.

At once the entire industry, which had been praying for something to happen so it wouldn't have to look the situation in the face, was thrown into a furore. Other picture concerns madly developed talking-picture paraphernalia. Fox stepped out with the Movietone. The Radio Corporation of America entered the lists with the Photophone. A thousand other devices were invented and patented. And the cry went round that here, at last, was the discovery of the age—the entertainment that would supplant the movies, the speaking stage, the radio, the phonograph, or what have you.

Wall Street, which always has its ear to the ground, perked up and took notice. The bankers who had sat by and twiddled their thumbs when the motion-picture industry started, only to watch millions of dollars roll into the pockets of showmen who had had faith in its possibilities, weren't going to be caught napping a second time. Thus when the picture concerns, together with the electrical companies which manufactured the equipment, went looking for financial backing to put the new product on the market, they were not disappointed. They found plenty of backing. But with the backing went supervision.

One of the first things they all did was to make extensive arrangements for producing the talking product. They built sound-proof stages. They hired directors from Broadway. They engaged players from the legitimate stage. They signed up hundreds of authors and composers.

Then they found they had no outlet for the pictures thus produced. No theatre could play talking-pictures until expensive wiring equipment, costing a few thousand dollars, was installed. And theatre owners were waiting till they saw which way the crowd was going before they jumped. Consternation among the electrical companies.

"That's easy," said the bankers. "We'll fix that." And then the mergers started.

The three main exponents of talking-pictures, Warner Brothers, Fox, and the R. C. A., went shopping for theatres. When the dust of battle cleared away, R. C. A. owned the Keith-Albee-Orpheum circuit, Fox found himself possessor of the Loew circuit (which, incidentally, includes Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), and the Warner Brothers emerged with the smaller chain of Stanley houses.

Current rumors indicate that at least one film company, possibly the Warner Brothers, is after the Shubert holdings —which include most of the theatres on Broadway as well as many in other cities. Consummation of this deal would be a body blow to the legitimate stage.

The astute hand of Wall Street is discernible behind all these manœuvres. Mergers, which mean lowered operating costs and more efficient distribution, are sound business logic; with business men in charge there is no reason to suppose that they will stop until all the theatres in the country are under the control of one, or at the most two, groups. That is certainly the trend today, under Wall Street management.

The question is, can rigid business principles be successfully applied to show business?

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In the first place, one of the main principles of business administration is that quantity production, with plenty of outlets, improves the quality in relation to the cost to the consumer. In show business, this is not the case. Quantity production lowers the cost, but it also lowers the quality, for the simple reason that you can't create talent. There is only so much talent—acting and writing—available, and no matter what the outlet is the quantity and quality of that talent does not vary.

This was proved by the experience of the big vaudeville circuits. When there were comparatively few theatres, the average standard of each act was high. To-day the reverse is true, as you can easily verify if you attend almost any vaudeville house. The reason is that you can't find enough good acts to fill several thousand theatres. And the same goes for writers of dramatic material.

The second great danger that besets business administration in show business is the public itself. When you are selling shoes, or automobiles, or furniture, you have a pretty good idea of what the consumer needs. But in the entertainment field, where even the most experienced showman will admit he knows next to nothing about what the public wants and will pay to see, what chance has the business man got? Theatre-going is a habit, not a necessity—a fact that is apt to escape the sanguine eye of the financial expert.

The first requisite for the successful operation of a chain of theatres is a standardized entertainment that will, week after week, cause the public to part with its hard-earned pennies at the box office. The bigger the chain the more difficult it is to find just the right entertainment, because with the same product you must appeal to people of every race, creed, and degree of intelligence.

Vaudeville couldn't do it alone, so pictures had to be added to the bill. The picture theatres couldn't do it, so they had to add vaudeville to their programmes. And the combination vaudeville and picture houses were in many instances on a pretty precarious footing until the talking-pictures momentarily took the curse off their necks.

But can the talking-picture be depended on as a permanent panacea for all these ills? If it can't, what then?

Consider for a moment the position of the business-man-theatre-operator if the public decides, as it is quite capable of doing, that it doesn't care very much for this brand of entertainment after all.

Talking-pictures are, of course, the most profitable form of presentation. But if they don't serve to pull people in off the streets, perhaps a little vaudeville will have to be added—it costs more, but the houses have got to be filled. But suppose, just for the sake of argument, that the theatres still remain unfilled (and this is quite possible, since the country is, as I have already stated, overseated). What's to be done then?

Two solutions will occur to the business man—either improve the show, or lower the box office price. But he can't improve the show, as better actors and better material writers don't exist in the quantities he needs them. And with his overhead he can't lower the box office price any more and still make money.

"Eureka," he cries, "the advertisers."

Letting an advertiser put on his show for him will solve all his trouble. He can rent his production facilities to the advertiser, help him stage the show, and then extract more money from him for the use of the theatre. And the

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chances are that the advertiser will put on a better show than he can. He'll have to.

That is, after all, the logical outcome of business methods applied to the entertainment field. The banker isn't interested in the theatre, except as an investment. All he cares about is getting an adequate return on his money. And how can he get a greater return than through encouraging advertisers to do his work for him at no cost to himself whatever?

If you think the idea is far-fetched, consider the radio for a moment. Practically every entertainment broadcast is "through the courtesy of this or that company." Not only this, but dramatic playlets are actually written and performed to sell products.

Not long ago I read a playlet of this type. It was designed to sell some form of patent dessert, and consisted of a somewhat coy dialogue between a husband and wife on the subject of "how Bob always managed to have such wonderful desserts at his parties." The upshot of the matter was that the wife sneaked over and peeked in Bob's window, catching him in the act of using the patent dessert in question. It is an illuminating sidelight to learn that through diligently broadcasting dramas of this kind, the dessert company has substantially increased its sales. I only mention the foregoing to show that not only are such things performed, but people actually listen to them of their own free will.

The song-writing business has "gone advertising" almost completely. Every song you hear nowadays is a theme song for one motion-picture or another. And it is within the realm of possibility that the scope may be enlarged to take in other branches of industry.

Advertising is beginning to appear even in the theatres. Recently the largest and most dignified vaudeville circuit produced a "Fur Fashion Show and Revue," which played in the theatres around New York. The act, which ran for about an hour, was financed by the New York Retail Fur Dealers Association, and carried plenty of advertising material. The astonishing thing about it was that it was, all in all, a far better and more entertaining act than many that have no advertising motive.

The present theatrical season on Broadway has been the worst in many years, if not in history. Vaudeville and motion-picture theatres all over the country have been feeling the pinch. People don't go to the theatres any more—they are rapidly being cured of the habit. The business man blames it on competition: mergers and efficient operation are, to him, the remedy.

But there is, I think, a more fundamental reason behind it. The building of too many theatres has brought about the need for quantity production of entertainment. This in turn has developed a new low level of quality which is slowly curing the steady, reliable, respectable public that used to be the backbone of the theatres, of the habit of going into theatres at all. The vast majority of those who do attend the theatres now—and I am referring to the popular-priced houses—don't really go there to be entertained. If you don't believe me, watch the audience the next chance you get. They come in to hold hands, or because the theatre has a cooling system, or to get out of the rain—any number of reasons, none particularly strong.

For a time, talking-pictures were apparently going to do the trick, and win the old audiences back. But as the nov-

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elty wears off, the same principles of mediocrity will place most of these vocal efforts on a plane even lower than that occupied by their silent predecessors, because it takes a greater amount of ability to write, produce, and perform in a talking-picture; that ability is, correspondingly, harder to find in quantity.

If, in five years, all the entertainment facilities in the country—the theatres, picture producers, song publishing firms, and the radio and phonograph companies—are in the hands of one group (and the evidence points to this being the case), you can expect new levels of absolute monotony and mediocrity in the entertainment offered. It is inevitable, because good, intelligent entertainment cannot be manufactured wholesale.

And when this happens, the business-man-theatre-operator is going to have his hands full. But by this time the wise business-man-theatre-operator will probably have sold out to the general public, which will, as usual, be left holding the bag.

NOTE: Since this article was written, several developments have taken place along the lines suggested. R-K-O has absorbed the Proctor chain of theatres, and is reported dickering for the Pantages circuit. Further merger rumors are rife, one of the most persistent, in spite of frequent denials, being the proposed tie-up involving Paramount, Publix, R-K-O, and Warner Brothers. The music-publishing houses are one by one being taken over by the big picture companies (for the purpose of acquiring the copyrights on standard compositions). The theme song has already invaded business—witness the Maxwell House Coffee theme song and the Prophylactic Tooth Brush ditty, to mention only two. One enterprising book publisher has had a theme song written to exploit a new novel; a prominent magazine is considering a similar project. And a recent report indicates that a group of well-known users of national advertising are investigating the possibility of producing talking-pictures, mostly short subjects, for advertisers—this material to be distributed free of charge to the theatres willing to accept and show it.

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A Farewell to Arms

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THIS novel of a man seeking life in the midst of death and destruction is set in war-time Italy. The outline of preceding chapters, given in the paragraph below, gives the new reader enough facts to pick up the threads of the story.

It is the story of Frederic Henry, American lieutenant of an Italian ambulance unit, and Catherine Barkley, English V. A. D. nurse. The officers of Frederic's unit find their pleasure when off duty in liquor and women. Frederic approaches Catherine with no thought of love. She had been engaged to a young Britisher who was killed. She first rebuffs and then accepts him. The war renews. An offensive begins. Frederic goes to the front and is severely wounded. He is sent to a hospital in Milan. Catherine is also sent there. When she comes into his room, he realizes he is in love with her. They spend a happy summer together. He wants to marry her, but it would mean that Catherine would be sent away. In October he is ordered back to the front. Catherine tells him she is going to have a baby. He returns to his post.

The present instalment contains some of the most magnificent writing in the whole book, some of the most exciting drama.

XXV

Now in the fall the trees were all bare and the roads were muddy. I rode to Gorizia from Udine on a camion. We passed other camions on the road and I looked at the country. The mulberry-trees were bare and the fields were brown. There were wet dead leaves on the road from the rows of bare trees and men were working on the road, tamping stone in the ruts from piles of crushed stone along the side of the road between the trees. We saw the town with a mist over it that cut off the mountains. We crossed the river and I saw that it was running high. It had been raining in the mountains. We came into the town past the factories and then the houses and villas and I saw that many more houses had been hit. On a narrow street we passed a British Red Cross ambulance. The driver wore a cap and his face was thin and very tanned. I did not know him. I got down from the camion in the big square in front of the Town Major's house, the driver handed down my ruck sack and I put it on and swung on the two musettes and walked to our villa. It did not feel like a homecoming.

I walked down the damp gravel driveway looking at the villa through the trees. The windows were all shut but the door was open. I went in and found the major sitting at a table in the bare room with maps and typed sheets of paper on the wall.

"Hello," he said. "How are you?" He looked older and drier.

"I'm good," I said. "How is everything?"

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"It's all over," he said. "Take off your kit and sit down." I put my pack and the two musettes on the floor and my cap on the pack. I brought the other chair over from the wall and sat down by the desk.

"It's been a bad summer," the major said. "Are you strong now?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever get the decorations?"

"Yes. I got them fine. Thank you very much."

"Let's see them."

I opened my cape so he could see the two ribbons.

"Did you get the boxes with the medals?"

"No. Just the papers."

"The boxes will come later. That takes more time."

"What do you want me to do?"

"The cars are all away. There are six up north at Caporetto. You know Caporetto?"

"Yes," I said. I remembered it as a little white town with a campanile in a valley. It was a clean little town and there was a fine fountain in the square.

"They are working from there. There are many sick now. The fighting is over."

"Where are the others?"

"There are two up in the mountains and four still on the Bainsizza. The other two ambulance sections are in the Carso with the third army."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"You can go and take over the four cars on the Bainsizza if you like. Gino has been up there a long time. You haven't seen it up there have you?"

"No."

"It was very bad. We lost three cars."

"I heard about it."

"Yes, Rinaldi wrote you."

"Where is Rinaldi?"

"He is here at the hospital. He has had a summer and fall of it."

"I believe it."

"It has been bad," the major said. "You couldn't believe how bad it's been. I've often thought you were lucky to be hit when you were."

"I know I was."

"Next year will be worse," the major said. "Perhaps they will attack now. They say they are to attack but I can't believe it. It is too late. You saw the river?"

"Yes. It's high already."

"I don't believe they will attack now that the rains have started. We will have the snow soon. What about your countrymen? Will there be other Americans besides yourself?"

"They are training an army of ten million."

"I hope we get some of them. But the French will hog them all. We'll never get any down here. All right. You stay here to-night and go out to-morrow with the little car and send Gino back. I'll send somebody with you that knows the road. Gino will tell you everything. They are shelling quite a little still but it is all over. You will want to see the Bainsizza."

"I'm glad to see it. I am glad to be back with you again, Signor Maggiore."

He smiled. "You are very good to say so. I am very tired of this war. If I was away I do not believe I would come back."

"Is it so bad?"

"Yes. It is so bad and worse. Go get cleaned up and find your friend Rinaldi."

I went out and carried my bags up the stairs. Rinaldi was not in the room but his things were there and I sat down on the bed and unwrapped my puttees

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and took the shoe off my right foot. Then I lay back on the bed. I was tired and my right foot hurt. It seemed silly to lie on the bed with one shoe off, so I sat up and unlaced the other shoe and dropped it on the floor then lay back on the blanket again. The room was stuffy with the window closed but I was too tired to get up and open it. I saw my things were all in one corner of the room. Outside it was getting dark. I lay on the bed and thought about Catherine and waited for Rinaldi. I was going to try not to think about Catherine except at night before I went to sleep. But now I was tired and there was nothing to do so I lay and thought about her. I was thinking about her when Rinaldi came in. He looked just the same. Perhaps he was a little thinner.

"Well, baby," he said. I sat up on the bed. He came over, sat down and put his arm around me. "Good old baby." He whacked me on the back and I held both his arms.

"Old baby," he said. "Let me see your knee."

"I'll have to take off my pants."

"Take off your pants, baby. We're all friends here. I want to see what kind of a job they did." I stood up, took off the breeches and pulled off the knee brace. Rinaldi sat on the floor and bent the knee gently back and forth. He ran his finger along the scar; put his thumbs together over the knee cap and rocked the knee gently with his fingers.

"Is that all the articulation you have?"

"Yes."

"It's a crime to send you back. They ought to get complete articulation."

"It's a lot better than it was. It was stiff as a board."

Rinaldi bent it more. I watched his hands. He had fine surgeon's hands. I looked at the top of his head, his hair shiny and parted smoothly. He bent the knee too far.

"Ouch!" I said.

"You ought to have more treatment on it with the machines," Rinaldi said.

"It's better than it was."

"I see that, baby. This is something I know more about than you." He stood up and sat down on the bed. "The knee itself is a good job." He was through with the knee. "Tell me all about everything."

"There's nothing to tell," I said. "I've led a quiet life."

"You act like a married man," he said. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," I said. "What's the matter with you?"

"This war is killing me," Rinaldi said, "I am very depressed by it." He folded his hands over his knee.

"Oh," I said.

"What's the matter? Can't I even have human impulses?"

"No. I can see you've been having a fine time. Tell me."

"All summer and all fall I've operated. I work all the time. I do everybody's work. All the hard ones they leave to me. By God, baby, I am becoming a lovely surgeon."

"That sounds better."

"I never think. No, by God, I don't think; I operate."

"That's right."

"But now, baby, it's all over. I don't operate now and I feel like hell. This is a terrible war, baby. You believe me when I say it. Now you cheer me up. Did you bring phonograph records?"

"Yes."

They were wrapped in paper in a cardboard box in my rucksack. I was too tired to get them out.

"Don't you feel good yourself, baby?"

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"I feel like hell."

"This war is terrible," Rinaldi said. "Come on. We'll both get drunk and be cheerful. Then we'll go get the ashes dragged. Then we'll feel fine."

"I've had the jaundice," I said, "and I can't get drunk."

"Oh baby, how you've come back to me. You come back serious and with a liver. I tell you this war is a bad thing. Why did we make it anyway?"

"We'll have a drink. I don't want to get drunk but we'll have a drink."

Rinaldi went across the room to the wash stand and brought back two glasses and a bottle of cognac.

"It's Austrian cognac," he said. "Seven stars. It's all they captured on San Gabriele."

"Were you up there?"

"No. I haven't been anywhere. I've been here all the time operating. Look, baby, this is your old toothbrushing glass. I kept it all the time to remind me of you."

"To remind you to brush your teeth."

"No. I have my own too. I kept this to remind me of you trying to brush away the Villa Rossa from your teeth in the morning, swearing and eating asperin and cursing harlots. Every time I see that glass I think of you trying to clean your conscience with a tooth brush." He came over to the bed. "Kiss me once and tell me you're not serious."

"I never kiss you. You're an ape."

"I know, you are the fine good Anglo-Saxon boy. I know. You are the remorse boy I know. I will wait till I see the Anglo-Saxon brushing away harlotry with a toothbrush."

"Put some cognac in the glass."

We touched glasses and drank. Rinaldi laughed at me.

"I will get you drunk and take out your liver and put you in a good Italian liver and make you a man again."

I held the glass for some more cognac. It was dark outside now. Holding the glass of cognac I went over and opened the window. The rain had stopped falling. It was colder outside and there was a mist in the trees.

"Don't throw the cognac out the window," Rinaldi said. "If you can't drink it give it to me."

"Go something yourself," I said. I was glad to see Rinaldi again. He had spent two years teasing me and I had always liked it. We understood each other very well.

"Are you married?" he asked from the bed. I was standing against the wall by the window.

"Not yet."

"Are you in love?"

"Yes."

"With that English girl?"

"Yes."

"Poor baby. Is she good to you?"

"Of course."

"I mean is she good to you practically speaking?"

"Shut up."

"I will. You will see I am a man of extreme delicacy. Does she——?"

"Rinin," I said. "Please shut up. If you want to be my friend shut up."

"I don't *want* to be your friend, baby. I *am* your friend."

"Then shut up."

"All right."

I went over to the bed and sat down beside Rinaldi. He was holding his glass and looking at the floor.

"You see how it is, Rinin?"

"Oh yes. All my life I encounter sacred subjects. But very few with you. I suppose you must have them too." He looked at the floor.

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"You haven't any?"

"No."

"Not any?"

"No."

"I can say this about your mother and that about your sister?"

"And that about *Your* sister," Rinaldi said swiftly. We both laughed.

"The old superman," I said.

"I am jealous maybe," Rinaldi said.

"No you're not."

"I don't mean like that. I mean something else. Have you any married friends?"

"Yes," I said.

"I haven't," Rinaldi said. "Not if they love each other."

"Why not?"

"They don't like me."

"Why not?"

"I am the snake. I am the snake of reason."

"You're getting it mixed. The apple was reason."

"No it was the snake." He was more cheerful.

"You are better when you don't think so deeply," I said.

"I love you, baby," he said. "You puncture me when I become a great Italian thinker. But I know many things I can't say. I know more than you."

"Yes. You do."

"But you will have a better time. Even with remorse you will have a better time."

"I don't think so."

"Oh yes. That is true. Already I am only happy when I am working." He looked at the floor again.

"You'll get over that."

"No. I only like two other things; one is bad for my work and the other is over in half an hour or fifteen minutes. Sometimes less."

"Sometimes a good deal less."

"Perhaps I have improved, baby. You do not know. But there are only the two things and my work."

"You'll get other things."

"No. We never get anything. We are born with all we have and we never learn. We never get anything new. We all start complete. You should be glad not to be a Latin."

"There's no such thing as a Latin. That is 'Latin' thinking. You are so proud of your defects." Rinaldi looked up and laughed.

"We'll stop, baby. I am tired from thinking so much." He had looked tired when he came in. "It's nearly time to eat. I'm glad you're back. You are my best friend and my war brother."

"When do the war brothers eat?" I asked.

"Right away. We'll drink once more for your liver's sake."

"Like Saint Paul."

"You are inaccurate. That was wine and the stomach. Take a little wine for your stomach's sake."

"Whatever you have in the bottle," I said. "For any sake you mention."

"To your girl," Rinaldi said. He held out his glass.

"All right."

"I'll never say a dirty thing about her."

"Don't strain yourself."

He drank off the cognac. "I am pure," he said. "I am like you, baby. I will get an English girl too. As a matter of fact I knew your girl first but she was a little tall for me. A tall girl for a sister," he quoted.

"You have a lovely pure mind," I said.

"Haven't I? That's why they call me Rinaldo Purissimo."

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"Rinaldo Sporchissimo."

"Come on, baby, we'll go down to eat while my mind is still pure."

I washed, combed my hair and we went down the stairs. Rinaldi was a little drunk. In the room where we ate, the meal was not quite ready.

"I'll go get the bottle," Rinaldi said. He went off up the stairs. I sat at the table and he came back with the bottle and poured us each a half tumbler of cognac.

"Too much," I said and held up the glass and sighted at the lamp on the table.

"Not for an empty stomach. It is a wonderful thing. It burns out the stomach completely. Nothing is worse for you."

"All right."

"Self destruction day by day," Rinaldi said. "It ruins the stomach and makes the hand shake. Just the thing for a surgeon."

"You recommend it?"

"Heartily. I use no other. Drink it down, baby, and look forward to being sick."

I drank half the glass. In the hall I could hear the orderly calling. "Soup! Soup is ready!"

The major came in, nodded to us and sat down. He seemed very small at table.

"Is this all we are?" he asked. The orderly put the soup bowl down and he ladled out a plateful.

"We are all," Rinaldi said. "Unless the priest comes. If he knew Federico was here he would be here."

"Where is he?" I asked.

"He's at 307," the major said. He was busy with his soup. He wiped his mouth, wiping his upturned gray mustache carefully. "He will come, I think. I called them and left word to tell him you were here."

"I miss the noise of the mess," I said.

"Yes it's quiet," the major said.

"I will be noisy," said Rinaldi.

"Drink some wine, Enrico," said the major. He filled my glass. The spaghetti came in and we were all busy. We were finishing the spaghetti when the priest came in. He was the same as ever, small and brown and compact looking. I stood up and we shook hands. He put his hand on my shoulder.

"I came as soon as I heard," he said.

"Sit down," the major said. "You're late."

"Good evening, priest," Rinaldi said, using the English word. They had taken that up from the priest-baiting captain who spoke a little English. "Good evening, Rinaldo," the priest said. The orderly brought him soup but he said he would start with the spaghetti.

"How are you?" he asked me.

"Fine," I said. "How have things been?"

"Drink some wine, priest," Rinaldi said. "Take a little wine for your stomach's sake. That's Saint Paul you know."

"Yes I know," said the priest politely. Rinaldi filled his glass.

"That Saint Paul," said Rinaldi. "He's the one who makes all the trouble." The priest looked at me and smiled. I could see that the baiting did not touch him now.

"That Saint Paul," Rinaldi said. "He was a rounder and a chaser and then when he was no longer hot he said it was no good. When he was finished he made the rules for us who are still hot. Isn't it true, Federico?"

The major smiled. We were eating meat stew now.

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"I never discuss a Saint after dark," I said. The priest looked up from the stew and smiled at me.

"There he is, gone over with the priest," Rinaldi said. "Where are all the good old priest baiters? Where is Cavalcanti? Where is Brundi? Where is Cesare? Do I have to bait this priest alone without support?"

"He is a good priest," said the major.

"He is a good priest," said Rinaldi. "But still a priest. I try to make the mess like the old days. I want to make Federico happy. To hell with you, priest!"

I saw the major look at him and notice that he was drunk. His thin face was white. The line of his hair was very black against the white of his forehead.

"It's all right, Rinaldo," said the priest. "It's all right."

"To hell with you," said Rinaldi. "To hell with the whole damn business." He sat back in his chair.

"He's been under a strain and he's tired," the major said to me. He finished his meat and wiped up the gravy with a piece of bread.

"I don't give a damn," Rinaldi said to the table. "To hell with the whole business." He looked defiantly around the table, his eyes flat, his face pale.

"All right," I said. "To hell with the whole damn business."

"No. No," said Rinaldi. "You can't do it. You can't do. I say you can't do it. You're dry and you're empty and there's nothing else. There's nothing else I tell you. Not a damned thing. I know when I stop working."

The priest shook his head. The orderly took away the stew dish.

"What are you eating meat for?" Rinaldi turned to the priest. "Don't you know it's Friday?"

"It's Thursday," the priest said.

"It's a lie. It's Friday. You're eating the body of our Lord. It's God meat. I know. It's dead Austrian. That's what you're eating."

"The white meat is from officers," I said, completing the old joke.

Rinaldi laughed. He filled his glass.

"Don't mind me," he said. "I'm just a little crazy."

"You ought to have a leave," the priest said.

The major shook his head at him. Rinaldi looked at the priest.

"You think I ought to have a leave?"

The major shook his head at the priest. Rinaldi was looking at the priest.

"Just as you like," the priest said. "Not if you don't want."

"To hell with you," Rinaldi said. "They try to get rid of me. Every night they try to get rid of me. I fight them off. What if I have it. Everybody has it. The whole world's got it. First," he went on assuming the manner of a lecturer, "it's a little pimple. Then we notice a rash between the shoulders. Then we notice nothing at all. We put our faith in mercury."

"Or Salvarsan," the major interrupted quietly.

"A mercurial product." Rinaldi said. He acted very elated now. "I know something worth two of that. Good old priest," he said. "You'll never get it. Baby will get it. It's an industrial accident. It's a simple industrial accident."

The orderly brought in the sweet and coffee. The dessert was a sort of black bread pudding with hard sauce. The lamp was smoking; the black smoke going close up inside the chimney.

"Bring two candles and take away the lamp," the major said. The orderly brought two lighted candles each in a

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saucer, and took out the lamp, blowing it out. Rinaldi was quiet now. He seemed all right. We talked and after the coffee we all went out in the hall.

"You want to talk to the priest. I have to go in the town," Rinaldi said. "Good night, priest."

"Good night, Rinaldo," the priest said.

"I'll see you, Fredi," Rinaldi said.

"Yes," I said. "Come in early." He made a face and went out the door. The major was standing with us. "He's very tired and overworked," he said. "He thinks too he has syphilis. I don't believe it but he may have. He is treating himself for it. Good night. You will leave before daylight, Enrico?"

"Yes."

"Good-by then," he said. "Good luck. Peduzzi will take you and go with you."

"Good-by, Signor Maggiore."

"Good-by. They talk about an Austrian offensive but I don't believe it. I hope not. But anyway it won't be here. Gino will tell you everything. The telephone works well now."

"I'll call regularly."

"Please do. Good night. Don't let Rinaldi drink so much brandy."

"I'll try not to."

"Good night, priest."

"Good night, Signor Maggiore."

He went off into his office.

XXVI

I went to the door and looked out. It had stopped raining but there was a mist.

"Should we go upstairs?" I asked the priest.

"I can only stay a little while."

"Come on up."

We climbed the stairs and went into my room. I lay down on Rinaldi's bed. The priest sat on my cot that the orderly had set up. It was dark in the room.

"Well," he said, "how are you really?"

"I'm all right. I'm tired to-night."

"I'm tired too, but from no cause."

"What about the war?"

"I think it will be over soon. I don't know why, but I feel it."

"How do you feel it?"

"You know how your major is? Gentle? Many people are like that now."

"I feel that way myself," I said.

"It has been a terrible summer," said the priest. He was surer of himself now than when I had gone away. "You cannot believe how it has been. Except that you have been there and you know how it can be. Many people have realized the war this summer. Officers who I thought could never realize it realize it now."

"What will happen?" I stroked the blanket with my hand.

"I do not know but I do not think it can go on much longer."

"What will happen?"

"They will stop fighting."

"Who?"

"Both sides."

"I hope so," I said.

"You don't believe it?"

"I don't believe both sides will stop fighting at once."

"I suppose not. It is too much to expect. But when I see the changes in men I do not think it can go on."

"Who won the fighting this summer?"

"No one."

"The Austrians won," I said. "They kept them from taking San Gabriele. They've won. They won't stop fighting."

"If they feel as we feel they may stop.

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They have gone through the same thing."

"No one ever stopped when they were winning."

"You discourage me."

"I can only say what I think."

"Then you think it will go on and on? Nothing will ever happen?"

"I don't know. I only think the Austrians will not stop when they have won a victory. It is in defeat that we become Christian."

"The Austrians are Christians—except for the Bosnians."

"I don't mean technically Christian. I mean like our Lord."

He said nothing.

"We are all gentler now because we are beaten. How would our Lord have been if Peter had rescued him in the Garden?"

"He would have been just the same."

"I don't think so," I said.

"You discourage me," he said. "I believe and I pray that something will happen. I have felt it very close."

"Something may happen," I said. "But it will happen only to us. If they felt the way we do it would be all right. But they have beaten us. They feel another way."

"Many of the soldiers have always felt this way. It is not because they were beaten."

"They were beaten to start with. They were beaten when they took them from their farms and put them in the army. That is why the peasant has wisdom, because he is defeated from the start. Put him in power and see how wise he is."

He did not say anything. He was thinking.

"Now I am depressed myself," I said. "That's why I never think about these things. I never think and yet when I begin to talk I say the things I have found out in my mind without thinking."

"I had hoped for something."

"Defeat?"

"No. Something more."

"There isn't anything more. Except victory. It may be worse."

"I hoped for a long time for victory."

"Me too."

"Now I don't know."

"It has to be one or the other."

"I don't believe in victory any more."

"I don't. But I don't believe in defeat. Though it may be better."

"What do you believe in?"

"In sleep," I said. He stood up.

"I am very sorry to have stayed so long. But I like so to talk with you."

"It is very nice to talk again. I said that about sleeping meaning nothing."

We stood up and shook hands in the dark.

"I sleep at 307 now," he said.

"I go out on post early to-morrow."

"I'll see you when you come back."

"We'll have a walk and talk together." I walked with him to the door.

"Don't go down," he said. "It is very nice that you are back. Though not so nice for you." He put his hand on my shoulder.

"It's all right for me," I said. "Good night."

"Good night. Ciaou!"

"Ciaou!" I said. I was deadly sleepy.

XXVII

I woke when Rinaldi came in but he did not talk and I went back to sleep again. In the morning I was dressed and gone before it was light. Rinaldi did not wake when I left.

I had not seen the Bainsizza before and it was strange to go up the slope

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where the Austrians had been, beyond the place on the river where I had been wounded. There was a steep new road and many trucks. Beyond, the road flattened out and I saw woods and steep hills in the mist. There were woods that had been taken quickly and not smashed. Then beyond where the road was not protected by the hills it was screened by matting on the sides and over the top. The road ended in a wrecked village. The lines were up beyond. There was much artillery around. The houses were badly smashed but things were very well organized and there were sign boards everywhere. We found Gino and he got us some coffee and later I went with him and met various people and saw the posts. Gino said the British cars were working farther down the Bainsizza at Ravne. He had great admiration for the British. There was still a certain amount of shelling, he said, but not many wounded. There would be many sick now the rains had started. The Austrians were supposed to attack but he did not believe it. We were supposed to attack too, but they had not brought up any new troops so he thought that was off too. Food was scarce and he would be glad to get a full meal in Gorizia. What kind of supper had I had? I told him and he said that would be wonderful. He was especially impressed by the *dolce*. I did not describe it in detail, only said it was a *dolce,* and I think he believed it was something more elaborate than bread pudding.

Did I know where he was going to go? I said I didn't but that some of the other cars were at Caporetto. He hoped he would go up that way. It was a nice little place and he liked the high mountain hauling up beyond. He was a nice boy and every one seemed to like him. He said where it really had been hell was at San Gabriele and the attack beyond Lom that had gone bad. He said the Austrians had a great amount of artillery in the woods along Ternova ridge beyond and above us, and shelled the roads badly at night. There was a battery of naval guns that had gotten on his nerves. I would recognize them because of their flat trajectory. You heard the report and then the shriek commenced almost instantly. They usually fired two guns at once, one right after the other, and the fragments from the burst were enormous. He showed me one, a smoothly jagged piece of metal over a foot long. It looked like babbitting metal.

"I don't suppose they are so effective," Gino said. "But they scare me. They all sound as though they came directly for you. There is the boom, then instantly the shriek and burst. What's the use of not being wounded if they scare you to death?"

He said there were Croats in the lines opposite us now and some Magyars. Our troops were still in the attacking positions. There was no wire to speak of and no place to fall back to if there should be an Austrian attack. There were fine positions for defense along the low mountains that came up out of the plateau but nothing had been done about organizing them for defense. What did I think about the Bainsizza anyway?

I had expected it to be flatter, more like a plateau. I had not realized it was so broken up.

"Alta piano," Gino said, "but no piano."

We went back to the cellar of the house where he lived. I said I thought a ridge that flattened out on top and had a little depth would be easier and

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more practical to hold than a succession of small mountains. It was no harder to attack up a mountain than on the level, I argued. "That depends on the mountains," he said. "Look at San Gabriele."

"Yes," I said, "but where they had trouble was at the top where it was flat. They got up to the top easy enough."

"Not so easy," he said.

"Yes," I said, "but that was a special case because it was a fortress rather than a mountain anyway. The Austrians had been fortifying it for years. I meant tactically speaking in a war where there was some movement. A succession of mountains were nothing to hold as a line because it was too easy to turn them. You should have possible mobility and a mountain is not very mobile. Also, people always over-shoot down hill. If the flank were turned the best men would be left on the highest mountains." I did not believe in a war in mountains. I had thought about it a lot I said. You pinched off one mountain and they pinched off another but when something really started every one had to get down off the mountains.

"What were you going to do if you had a mountain frontier?" he asked.

I had not worked that out yet, I said and we both laughed. "But," I said, "in the old days the Austrians were always whipped in the quadrilateral around Verona. They let them come down onto the plain and whipped them there."

"Yes," said Gino. "But those were Frenchmen and you can work out military problems clearly when you are fighting in somebody else's country."

"Yes," I agreed, "when it is your own country you cannot use it so scientifically."

"The Russians did to trap Napoleon."

"Yes, but they had plenty of country. If you tried to retreat to trap Napoleon in Italy you would find yourself in Brindisi."

"A terrible place," said Gino. "Have you ever been there?"

"Not to stay."

"I am a patriot," Gino said. "But I cannot love Brindisi or Tarranto."

"Do you love the Bainsizza?" I asked.

"The soil is sacred," he said. "But I wish it grew more potatoes. You know when we came here we found fields of potatoes the Austrians had planted."

"Has the food really been short?"

"I myself have never had enough to eat but I am a big eater and I have not starved. The mess is average. The regiments in the line get pretty good food but those in support don't get so much. Something is wrong somewhere. There should be plenty of food."

"The dogfish are selling it somewhere else."

"Yes, they give the battalions in the front line as much as they can but the ones in back are very short. They have eaten all the Austrians' potatoes and chestnuts from the woods. They ought to feed them better. We are big eaters. I am sure there is plenty of food. It is very bad for the soldiers to be short of food. Have you ever noticed the difference it makes in the way you think?"

"Yes," I said. "It can't win a war but it can lose one."

"We won't talk about losing. There is enough talk about losing. What has been done this summer cannot have been done in vain."

I did not say anything. I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We had heard them sometimes standing in the rain almost out of earshot so that only the shouted words came through, and read them, on proc-

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lamations that were slapped up by bill posters over other proclamations now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it. There were many words that you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity. Certain numbers were the same way and certain dates and these with the names of the places were all you could say and have them mean anything. Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages, the numbers of roads, the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates. Gino was a patriot, so he said things that separated us sometimes, but he was also a fine boy and I understood his being a patriot. He was born one. He left with Peduzzi in the car to go back to Gorizia.

It stormed all that day. The wind drove down the rain and everywhere there was standing water and mud. The plaster of the broken houses was gray and wet. Late in the afternoon the rain stopped and from our number two post I saw the bare wet autumn country with clouds over the tops of the hills and the straw screening over the roads wet and dripping. The sun came out once before it went down and shone on the bare woods beyond the ridge. There were many Austrian guns in the woods on that ridge but only a few fired. I watched the sudden round puffs of shrapnel smoke in the sky above a broken farmhouse near where the line was; soft puffs with a yellow white flash in the centre. You saw the flash, then heard the crack, then saw the smoke ball distort and thin in the wind. There were many iron shrapnel balls in the rubble of the houses and on the road beside the broken house where the post was, but they did not shell near the post that afternoon. We loaded two cars and drove down the road that was screened with wet mats and the last of the sun came through in the breaks between the strips of mattings. Before we were out on the clear road behind the hill the sun was down. We went on down the clear road and, as it turned a corner into the open and went into the square arched tunnel of matting the rain started again.

The wind rose in the night and at three o'clock in the morning with the rain coming in sheets there was a bombardment and the Croatians came over across the mountain meadows and through patches of woods and into the front line. They fought in the dark in the rain and a counter-attack of scared men from the second line drove them back. There was much shelling and many rockets in the rain and machine gun and rifle fire all along the line. They did not come again and it was quieter and between the gusts of wind and rain we could hear the sound of a great bombardment far to the north.

The wounded were coming into the post. Some were carried on stretchers, some walking and some were brought on the backs of men that came across the field. They were wet to the skin and all were scared. We filled two cars with stretcher cases as they came up from the cellar of the post and as I shut the door of the second car and fastened it I felt the rain on my face turn to snow. The flakes were coming heavy and fast in the rain.

When daylight came the storm was still blowing but the snow had stopped. It had melted as it fell on the wet ground and now it was raining again. There was another attack just after day-

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light but it was unsuccessful. We expected an attack all day but it did not come until the sun was going down. The bombardment started to the south below the long wooded ridge where the Austrian guns were concentrated. We expected a bombardment but it did not come. It was getting dark. Guns were firing from the field behind the village and the shells, going away, had a comfortable sound.

We heard that the attack to the south had been unsuccessful. They did not attack that night but we heard that they had broken through to the north. In the night word came that we were to prepare to retreat. The captain at the post told me this. He had it from the Brigade. A little while later he came from the telephone and said it was a lie. The Brigade had received orders that the line of the Bainsizza should be held no matter what happened. I asked about the break through and he said that he had heard at the Brigade that the Austrians had broken through the twenty-seventh army corps up toward Caporetto. There had been a great battle in the north all day.

"If those bastards let them through we are cooked," he said.

"It's Germans that are attacking," one of the medical officers said. The word Germans was something to be frightened of. We did not want to have anything to do with the Germans.

"There are fifteen divisions of Germans," the medical officer said. "They have broken through and we will be cut off."

"At the Brigade they say this line is to be held. They say they have not broken through badly and that we will hold a line across the mountains from Monte Maggiore."

"Where do they hear this?"

"From the Division."

"The word that we were to retreat came from the Division."

"We work under the Army Corps," I said. "But here I work under you. Naturally when you tell me to go I will go. But get the orders straight."

"The orders are that we stay here. You clear the wounded from here to the clearing station."

"Sometimes we clear from the clearing station to the field hospitals too," I said. "Tell me, I have never seen a retreat—if there is a retreat how are all the wounded evacuated?"

"They are not. They take as many as they can and leave the rest."

"What will I take in the cars?"

"Hospital equipment."

"All right," I said.

The next night the retreat started. We heard that Germans and Austrians had broken through in the north and were coming down the mountain valleys toward Cividale and Udine. The retreat was orderly, wet and sullen. In the night, going slowly along the crowded roads we passed troops marching under the rain, guns, horses pulling wagons, mules, motor-trucks, all moving away from the front. There was no more disorder than in an advance.

That night we helped empty the field hospitals that had been set up in the least ruined villages of the plateau, taking the wounded down to Plava on the river bed: and the next day hauled all day in the rain to evacuate the hospitals and clearing station at Plava. It rained steadily and the army of the Bainsizza moved down off the plateau in the October rain and across the river where the great victories had commenced in the spring of that year. We came into Gorizia in the

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Why I Am Going Back to My Job

THE CONFESSION OF AN OLD-FASHIONED WIFE

To-day, after eight years of wholehearted devotion to my home and family, I signed a contract to teach next year in a near-by high school at a salary of one hundred and seventy dollars a month. And yet, I am to be regarded as essentially an old-fashioned wife. *I* have not found a home-maker's career "narrow and stultifying," nor have I been harassed by a compelling urge to seek "wider self-expression" and a "broader personal experience." I still firmly believe in the family ideal. I still believe that to preside over a home with scientific management and good taste, and with far-sighted concern for the physical and spiritual well-being of the members of her household, and of her community, too—to do all this, demands of a woman the best she has to give of time, energy, and intelligence. And I still believe that the ordinary, normal woman, such as I am, is happiest and most useful to society in devoting herself to the fulfilment of these ideals.

My friends, however, imagine I have drifted over to the increasing army of restless women who are feverishly seeking independence and freedom from the traditional career. They recall my premarital enthusiasm for my profession, and now that Junior and Betty are of school age, they conclude I am merely answering the call to return to the classroom and the laboratory. They facetiously refer to the impending change in my life as a "relapse." And, although it irks me inexpressibly, for I am a matter-of-fact person who dislikes misleading euphemisms, I find it convenient to allow them to persist in their misconception of the real situation.

For, how can I go about, crudely insisting it is nothing more nor less than that little one hundred and seventy dollars I am after? How can I say, without unnecessarily humiliating the man I love, that, were it not for the monetary consideration, I would never have given the proposition a single thought, however interested and successful a teacher I expect to be, now that I have actually committed myself? How could I endure the astonishment, the ill-concealed pity, perhaps, of these good friends? I can hear them exclaiming, "Why, we all thought—your husband's dandy position, you know, and your lovely home, and that wonderful car—why, we *supposed*——!"

Above all things, I could never endure any mention of that wonderful car. That wonderful car, indeed! Rather, that hateful, that odious, that greedy car! Sometimes, I actually wish automobiles had never been invented! Not that I don't appreciate their convenience and indispensability in a thousand ways. Not that I don't, way down in my heart, share my husband's weakness for fine motor-cars. *But* when a fifth and more of our annual income goes to the support of such a car, I had rather we owned no car at all, than be owned, as it seems to me, by such an expensive luxury.

On the desk before me is a sheaf of bills for the past year, bills for repairs,

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for washing the car, for gas and oil, for tires and accessories. They range all the way from two dollars and ninety cents to one hundred eighty-seven dollars and thirty-five cents, and their total is considerably over seven hundred dollars. And, of course, they do not include sums spent on long trips away from home. This is not an exceptional year in our experience. In the eight years we have been married, we have owned, or been owned by, four different cars, and each year the story has been pretty much the same. The car with the indestructible motor was unbelievably hard on tires and springs; another that wore a set of tires indefinitely, enjoyed a mysterious short which hours of expert tinkering never succeeded in eliminating; still another that boasted a perfectly functioning ignition system, was a chronic gear stripper. The present encumbrance, the wonderful, dazzling car of magnificent springs and luxurious upholstery, so easy on tires, so economical of gasoline, this powerful and responsive car is also so highly organized, so delicately sensitive, that it will run satisfactorily only when fed with high-test gasoline and the most expensive lubricants, and when constantly undergoing some slight adjustment, or minor repair, each part for which must be constructed of platinum, judging by the price attached. And we haven't even the excuse of business necessity for maintaining this luxury. Our car is a pleasure car pure and simple, useful enough in the exigencies of shopping and social requirements, but a pleasure car nevertheless.

I need hardly state the inevitable result. At the end of every year, we stand financially just about where we were the year before. There may be a small deficit, or we may be triumphantly even with the board, but never, never is there a surplus. Whenever we do manage to start a promising savings account during the year, it is, sooner or later, swallowed up in little nibbles, or in one big gulp, by that insatiable car. No one can accuse me of being miserly, but I do believe we should each year lay a little something by against the proverbial rainy day. Then there are the children, growing up all too fast; already, Junior exhibits strong artistic tendencies—his education may be expensive——

Simple enough! I hear you exclaim. Get rid of the blooming car, buy a little tin lizzie if you *must* have a car, and invest the surplus you then will have in fool-proof securities, and refrain from the indefensible luxury of an expensive car until your income amply justifies it. But, dear reader, it isn't as simple as all that. The difficulty is just this: *my husband honestly regards the car he owns as an absolute necessity*. He can hardly conceive of a tolerable existence without it, or even with a low-priced substitute. It furnishes him endless diversion for his leisure moments and unlimited topics for conversation. It gives him a glowing sense of speed and power. The finer his car, the more successful and important he feels. And I who know how hard he works, how free he is from all other weaknesses—I would not begrudge him this one indulgence. I only wish our modern American life were not so excessively speeded up, that there were less regard for ostentation, and more for intrinsic values. For, of course, my husband in his motor mania, like many another good man, is merely reflecting the extravagant spirit of the age.

And so I am going back to my job, not because I am tired of home-making, but because the extra pay envelope is just what is needed to put our household on a sound financial basis. For the first

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time, I shall have the intense satisfaction of being able to live up to a budget. The major part of my salary will be devoted to Advancement, under the subhead, Savings and Investments. As for the remainder, every woman who has resorted to all sorts of shabby subterfuges in order to stretch an inadequate income, knows what I shall do with that. First of all, I shall replace the worn household linen. Then I shall buy a frame for that Hiroshige print, and the dripless syrup pitcher we have been needing for ages. I shall purchase an electric percolator and a rug for the hall. I shall have sufficient hosiery so I will not be forever washing out a pair to dry overnight. I shall get books and a desk for Junior and a violin for Betty. But whatever else I spend my money for, I shall *not* buy a single repair part, nor a single gallon of gasoline for that wonderful car!

This confession would be incomplete did I not admit, for all my air of confident assurance, that I am sometimes full of inner misgivings. I have seen the double-pay envelope spoil more than one happy marriage. My husband and I have managed to preserve much of the flavor of our honeymoon days. We still are jolly playfellows, saying and doing all the fond little absurdities that spring from gaiety and deep affection. Not for the largest bank account in the world would I sacrifice this precious camaraderie. But it is hard to be gay when one is tired; I keep wondering, will I be able to keep fresh and young-hearted with two jobs, or, at best, with a job and a half, on my hands? Will I be able to delegate cheerfully to other and less competent hands, many of the tasks I have loved to perform? Will I be able to keep free of that faint bitterness that so often tinges the attitude of the wage-earning wife toward her husband? I wonder? Ah, well, of one thing I am certain: there will always be a comfortable car and a willing driver to take me for a refreshing spin in the country!

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The White Satin Dress

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

A new Lincoln story by the author of "The Perfect Tribute."

"BARNEY, you've rather a problem coming up in that State Police question. Are you going to let the bill go through?"

There were sixteen people at the dinner-table—a table brilliant with crystal and flowers and silver, with tall candles and bright dresses of women. Into one of the spaces of table-talk the question, flung from the far end of the festive board, shot with a crack; everybody heard it, except quite brainless Esther Aspendale, and she buzzed on a moment and then hesitated, bewildered; no one was even pretending to listen to her.

"Oh, did I interrupt something interesting? Oh, I do beg your——"

But nobody listened to that, even. So she stopped; which seldom happened. Two rows of eyes were turned to his excellency, the Honorable Barnwell Gardiner; the papers had been full of the Massachusetts State Police bill, and of its stormy support and stormier opposition; what the Governor of Massachusetts had to say about it was of keen interest to every one, possibly excepting Esther Aspendale. The governor, an athletic, immaculate figure in the best-cut possible evening clothes, sleek of head, bulldog of jaw, alert—and yet oddly wistful—of eye, sat very erect and faced his querying host with a grin. He was entirely aware that the little audience of fifteen rather breathlessly awaited his answer; not his worst enemy or his warmest admirer would ever call the governor unsophisticated, politically or socially. No, not even considering that queer and appealing boyishness, which often and often metamorphosed the keenness of his very brown eyes. He was unaware of that trick of his eyes, uncovering for a second his soul, unaware that the friendliness which not seldom surprised him from old war-horses of politics was a response to that naïve glance. It was there now, the unfitting sweet look as of a kindly boy, as he sat grinning across at Tom Martin, his host. The dinner-party smiled, too, responsively, and waited to see what he would tell, and how much.

That last was easily measured. Nothing. As a fact, he had nothing to tell; in very truth he did not know, even now when the eleventh hour was striking, if or not he was going to sign the bill. It was a crisis in his career; that he recognized; but people in general were not to guess even so much. The governor laughed on top of the grin, a pleasant laugh, composed, assured, light-hearted; none of which he was.

"Tom, if you went into politics you'd be a genius, or else an awful ass, depending on whether you think I'll give up the secrets of my job. Guess again, old son. Am I going to let the Police bill through? It's one of those things no fellow can find out." With friendly malice, laughing more into Tom Martin's eyes, he volleyed a sentence like a

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sudden tennis-ball into quite another court. "How did you say you won that big silver cup, Tom? Golf, was it? It makes a corking centrepiece for a dinner, Lily." He was turning now to the hostess, at his left. "Your table's lovely to-night," he said. "I haven't seen this ruby glass before, have I? Where on earth did you pick up such a lot?"

Then Esther Aspendale and the rest were off again on the ear-hammering trot and gallop of mass conversation.

The governor carried on with a bold hand, making gay talk with the beautiful woman on his right as with his best-loved cousin, the hostess, on his left; yet all the time the tactless question of good old Tom rankled in his mind. It was a conundrum pretty nearly filling his mind just now. Across the faces and glitter and movement it seemed to stare at him like the writing on the wall at Belshazzar. Was he going to sign the bill? Was he? The bill setting up a mounted State Police, bitterly needed, bitterly opposed by masses of the working people. His was the decision. What was he going to decide? Suddenly he was aware that lovely Mrs. Shannon had repeated a sentence and was laughing at him good-naturedly, as the lovely can afford to; he pulled himself together with a snap.

The dinner went on, a very gay dinner, which the high spirits and the capital stories of the guest of honor appeared to lead in the way it should go, and then, behold the successful evening was over; by ones and twos and threes the guests, and their bass and soprano cheerful last words, had evaporated from the big drawing-room; outside on the gravel the last motor-door had just slammed; a shower of merry talk inside the car was sliced off by the slam, and the busy noise of the engine going into second, into high gear, grew fainter; the party was over. It is a pleasant and civilized moment after a dinner when those of the house linger with the exhilaration of the evening, of good food and drink, of friendly laughter and kindly words still in the veins.

"The gayest party you've ever given, and that's saying a lot," Nina Windloss had said, and Jack backed her up.

"Such food! How do you ever get such food?" demanded Jack.

"Tom's cocktails are too marvellous," Sammy Bailey put in.

Lily came smiling back to her husband and her cousin, the governor, when she had had a last word with the butler and sent word to the cook that the dinner was perfect. The human seven-eighths of Lily never forgot these people who worked faithfully in the background weaving her bright tapestry.

"Did you have a good time at your party, Barney?" She put her hand through the arm of the distinguished cousin, and slid slim fingers into his; she was very fond of this great man, very tender toward him; she knew more than one side of his much-envied career. The boyishness, the wistfulness behind the bulldog jaw were the qualities which registered most for her in his Excellency. "His Excellency, Barney," she murmured, smiling as he went on to say pleasant things. "You always were a blarney, Barney," she smiled at him. And then: "Now it's time for Wee Willie Winkie. We're all going to bed, though you two seem not to know it," she announced.

"Do let Barney have a quiet pipe and a drink with me, Lil." Tom never wanted to go to bed; not ever.

"No." Lily was firm. "Barney's tired. He's been making speeches and

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making trains, by the skin of his teeth; he'll be here to-morrow; you're golfing with him at ten. Don't be a pig. You do want to go to bed, precious Barney?"

"I do that," the governor agreed with heartiness. "I've had a gorgeous time at my party, but I'm dog-tired from politicians and things. Bed sounds good, and golf to-morrow heavenly."

"Tom, sit still. *I'm* going to take Barney to his room. I've secrets to tell him—how I always was in love with him, and such."

Tom's eyes followed his woman as she led her cousin by the hand like a sleepy child, out into the hall and up the dark oak stairs. Amused, proud eyes. "My cat certainly has the longest tail," Tom Martin's eyes said; quite comfortably well he knew with whom his wife had always been in love.

Two or three lights glowed in the low-ceilinged place as the cousins came to the door of the room.

"It's a fascinating old house, Lily."

The governor halted to gaze in. The wide mahogany French bed had a sweep of rolled head and foot; the two priceless high-boys of carved mahogany gleamed with plum-colored shadows and silvery lights and intricate brass handles; chintzes flowered gaily; a wood-fire burned, orange and gold, behind a battered, polished old brass fender; embroidered linen sheets turned back invitingly; a row of books on the bed-table were multicolored like an oriental rug. A jade-shaded lamp lighted them.

"It's too peaceful to be true," the governor spoke dreamily. "They can't get at me till day after to-morrow. Blessed be thirty-six hours. You're a good piece of work, Lily." He bent to kiss her good night, but as he straightened she clung, her face at his ear.

"Barney, dear old Barney—it ought to bring you sweet dreams. This was Alice's room."

The governor seemed suddenly a frozen statue of a man; not a muscle of him stirred. Lily stood away from him, startled. "I haven't hurt you? You know I haven't seen you since—Alice died, but I thought——"

"It's all right," he spoke, and his face, if full of pain, was yet more full of gentleness. "Of course I'll love to be—in Alice's room. You mean——"

"I mean it was her room when you met her here, that house-party, twenty-one years ago. When you fell in love. It was up to this room she came nights to—dream about you. You made her so blissful, Barney; it ought to be joy to remember that."

"Nothing's joy without her," the governor spoke roughly. Then: "Sometimes it comes like a tidal wave—it seems as if I couldn't possibly stand it. Without her. Without hope of having her again."

"What?" The word was horrified. "You don't mean, Barney—you believe—there is no future life? That we never get our own back?"

He shook his head. "I can't get it across. If I could! I could bear living. I'd be—even happy. But there's nothing to prove it. If once—just once—I could see with my own eyes anybody from out beyond there—I'd believe. If anybody at all—were possible—then Alice might be."

"But people have seen—them," reasoned Lily.

The governor's head shook again in dissent; his cousin had a flash of thought of the stubbornness connoted by the bulldog jaw. "People," he repeated. "People—yes. What's evidence? If you were a lawyer you'd know the amazing

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unreliability of it. And books. I never could believe—books. I had to see for myself. It's congenital; I can't be otherwise. I never wished to be otherwise, except—now. I'd lay down the rest of my life, now, if I could once see a proper spook—one I had to believe true. Then I might feel that perhaps—that likely—Alice—Alice and I might"—his voice rasped—"might have each other again." He finished with an effort.

A silence crammed with vibration of emotion. Then Lily Martin bent, and held the man's hand to her mouth. He got control of himself first. "I haven't any business to tear you to pieces, Lily," he said, a trifle shakily. "I'm a hell of a guest—and you and Tom—so good to me—and that bully party. Dear of you to give me Alice's room, too. I love having it. You go to bed now, that's a good child."

Lily tried to twist to commonplace, but she whimpered. "You see, Barney, we're going to make over this part of the house; tear down partitions and change it a bit. It's rickety, so we have to. But I thought you'd like to sleep here—it's the same chintzes and furniture—everything. I thought you'd like to sleep here while it was the same."

Gardiner's voice was harsh. "I do like it. I love it. Go away, dear girl."

He kissed her quickly, as if a second might break thin self-command; then she was outside his closed door.

The governor turned the key and the bolt as if to assure himself of solitude. He wheeled and stood back, staring across at the bed as if he could see there slim lines of a woman, a gold head on the pillow. "Alice, Alice," he whispered, and any one who might have seen him gasping for breath would have known that the tidal wave of which he had spoken was on him. She had lain there, a tiny pillow cuddled into her neck the way he came afterward to know well, and, as Lily had said, she had dreamed there of him. He cried out in the torture of missing her. What sense was there, when two people adored each other, in some God far off who highway-robbed one of them from the other? "We weren't hurting anybody," he whispered. They had been perfect playmates, perfect comrades in all weathers, through bright days and dark—and there had been dark. Bob had died, sweet eight-year-old Bob, loving, quaint, manly little Bob, their first child. Blessed Bob; it had nearly killed both of them. But they had borne it together—had that infinite comfort of each other. Oh, yes, there had been troubles; money troubles and political troubles; strenuous times. But Alice's gold head had always been held high; she had fought his battles, and braced him to fight, laughed at him if he pitied himself, counselled him, in her direct, clear-headed way, loved him, sworn by him; it was like an army with banners just to look at her steadfast eyes. He remembered how he had always looked at them, the last thing, if she was there when he made a speech; the look was a stirrup-cup to set him on his journey.

> "The heart that, like a staff, was one
> For mine to rest and lean upon,
> The strongest on the longest day
> With hourly love, is taken away—
> And yet my days go on, go on."

The words sprang out of his memory; it was exactly that. And now—gone for good. What sense was there in letting his "days go on"?

A manner of numbness stole over him, dulling the terror of emotion which had drowned him. He flung across the room with an impatient half-

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word and opened his bag. Thank Heaven Lily didn't let her servants unpack for him; he hated hunting his belongings through strange cupboards. On top of a masculine medley of shirts and golf clothes was a short Smith & Wesson .38-calibre pistol, a heavy wicked lump of steel; he usually carried that along. Some time a tidal wave might get too choking. Yet at the worst he had not yet been tempted to do that, for some unphrased reason. What reason? A reluctance not to play the game, maybe. The "unconquerable soul" maybe, objecting to own its conquest. And, maybe—maybe one did not entirely believe what one said—just now to Lily. Maybe one was not so sure that death ended everything; maybe one did have a hope that personality survived, that just possibly—some time—somewhere—he and Alice——

With a shake as of a huge dog shaking off water, he tried to rid himself, physically, of the creeping ecstasy of the thought; he would *not* let wild dreams swamp common sense. There was nothing to prove future life; hearsay, the age-long desire of humanity; a superstition of the ignorant; a weakness of the wise; he would not be fooled.

Yet Ned Rogers had said something—the bishop, his classmate at Yale—Ned had said human mentality was not the last word, that a quality called faith was built fundamentally into existence, without which most of the common mental progress, not to say spiritual idealism, of civilization would go blooey; with which one might in the ultimate end catch hold of possibilities ahead of any mere lumbering brain-work. Mental proof was beside the point of a whole world of reality—Ned Rogers said. The governor remembered what he had answered the bishop in that black hour:

"You're an old dear, Ned, but it doesn't mean a thing to me what you say; it's all indefinite and I'm in definite agony. I want Alice. The most hellish toothache would be sweet joy to the way I want her. And if I might be going to find her in some vague heaven, some vague time, which I don't believe, that wouldn't satisfy me. I want her *now*. Here. It's such foolishness to let Alice die—Alice. You know, Ned—it's *Alice*. The most vital, most alive creature ever. What kind of a God lets that happen, Ned?"

The bishop had stared at him sorrowfully. "I think it'll get across to you some day, Barney. It's my fault I can't make you get it. I'd give a lot if I could. I can't; I'm limited. But some day something is going to happen that will be like going over a mountain top and seeing the ocean. It's been there all the time and you didn't stand high enough to get it; some day you'll get it."

The governor, wandering about the room, unconscious of his wandering, came to the line of books, titles up, standing between two bronze, heavy, miniature-ship book-ends on his bed-table. Light shone from the green lamp, and he bent, with the instinct of a man who cares about books, to read the names. And in a moment straightened, knowing that the letters that his eyes saw made no record in his brain. He had read six or so gold-printed titles, and could not have told one. He smiled grimly. "Queer thing, a brain," he murmured, and then: "I'd better sharpen mine. I have to use it to-night."

The signing or vetoing of the State Police bill was close on him; he had in fact bought these two days at his cousin's house in Loudonville with the resolve to make, during it, his decision. Free for thirty-six hours from politi-

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cians and routine and state affairs; relaxed in country peace and surrounded by old affection, in that atmosphere of a woman's care and gentleness to which he was very susceptible and which he no more had—with this background he believed his problem would be simplified. Also there was an unphrased thought floating in the back of his brain: in this place where he had first known his wife, a place associated with her, where she had loved to be, might not Alice's direct vision come to him? She had been often a wise adviser in his public life; she looked so straight at a complicated argument that the complications, by her honest magic, divided, shifted to one side or the other, and shortly one might weigh a bundle of reasons in either hand and know which weighed most. She saw so straight; would not that gift of hers descend on him here, in the peaceful air which was soaked with her personality? He did not phrase it so far, but so the feeling existed in his mind. He would decide the State Police bill here, and Alice—who was gone into nothingness—Alice would help him. He dropped into a deep chair and, wrenching his brain from paralyzing thoughts, placed before him the question of the bill. It was simple enough in the reading:

"An act to amend the Executive Law in relation to creating the department of State Police and defining the powers and duties of its force and making an appropriation therefor: Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled and by the authority of the same, as follows:"

He read through all the formal wording, to put his mind in tune with the meaning which the formal wording set forth. It was a large meaning to him; it carried in all probability success or failure for his entire career in the big game of politics which was his affair. He had been Governor of Massachusetts for one year, the allotted term in that State. An election was due soon; he wanted to be elected again; wanted it more tremendously than he had wanted anything since his wife's death three years ago. The absorbing demands of the office; its vast responsibilities; the play of mind on mind; the tumult and the fighting; associations always important, always new, of worth-while people, all this filled his days with exhilaration to exhaustion, and all this dulled consciousness of his wrecked personal life. He wanted to be elected again very much indeed; it would be like snatching the blade from a skilled swordsman in the middle of a battle, if he should fail. The combat was in his blood now, and he felt that nothing would be left if he could not carry the election. It depended, likely, on the position he took as to the bill before him. He knew without doubt that a State Police was sorely needed to control increasing crime in country districts, to awe a secret, powerful criminal contingent; to keep traffic safe; only troopers, a mounted State Police, a body of men with high standards and without fear, could do this for the commonwealth, as such had done it for other commonwealths, and had done it *par excellence* in Canada. He was eager to give this organization to his State as a mile-stone marking his administration, but against the plan a hue and cry had been raised by practically all the working people of the population.

"You're plotting a bodyguard for the millionaires, you're planning to make us helpless; to control our strikes; to Cossack us out of our rights."

That was the cry of the opposition;

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against that cry, so far, all friendly reasoned explanation had been useless. The "bug" of the disease known as scare had caught and spread among workers, a crowd psychology was pushing against the bill. "Sign that bill, governor," his campaign manager had said to him, "and before the ink's dry, you're a private citizen."

Gardiner sat motionless in the silent room, and the fire on the hearth burned and fell apart and blazed up and burned on, an hour, two hours, till it burned out, and only red coals lay among ashes and charred ends. The room grew chilly, and he did not notice; his eyes were wide and bright and his teeth bit at his lower lip as he considered, recapitulated, weighed. Was it right to veto the bill now, to let it go till he might better prepare the minds of the people, make them see right values, let them come to it willingly? That way lay re-election, his heart's desire. Was it not the wiser way? The bill was Fairfield Harrison's bill, his young brother-in-law, in the State senate; that point would be against him. Fairfield was of the millionaire class; it would be said all the more that the governor was playing their game. Good politics, ambition, common sense itself seemed to demand a veto of this firebrand bill. On the other hand:

"The State needs it; it's a good bill; it's the best gift I could make to my people," the man spoke into silence.

There was almost anarchy in wilder, mountain parts of the State; there was banded outlawry rivalling old Kentucky; innocent people were being shot down by thugs; troopers without fear, armed by the law with authority and force, were the only answer. Should he dare postpone the answer, and waste yet more innocent lives?

Over and over, in the night silence, he reviewed such facts, such arguments. And suddenly was aware that his tired brain was refusing to function further, that words were repeating themselves without connoting ideas; he was desperately sleepy.

"I'm doing no good," he considered. "I've got to have sleep. The night brings counsel," and set about getting ready for bed.

But when the lights of the low-ceilinged room were snapped off, a sea of white gold all at once possessed the place, and the governor stood a moment between the bed and a broad window and stared out at the moonlight and orchard tops and the dark valley below. A single belated car of two flaming eyes ran howling along the metal road a half-mile away, and the man thought how from this old house, when it stood here new, a hundred and fifty years gone, some late watcher had stared, likely, of a midnight out of this same window, at the distant rough highway, and would have believed himself raving even to dream such a sight as those racing headlights, such a sound as that squealing horn. With a pang he thought too: "Even when Alice was here—twenty-one years ago—few motors then." He laid his head on the pillow with her name crowding out the difficult debating of the last hours. Then, to his own surprise, he spoke aloud, almost from sleep:

"If I could see once, only once, a proper indubitable ghost—anybody, anybody at all—so it's a true ghost, I'd believe—the out-beyond—Alice and I —" His half-articulate words trailed into sleep.

It was about half past one of the autumn morning when the governor went to sleep. Two hours later, as he knew afterward, he was suddenly alertly

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awake. There was a vital reason that he should be awake. Before his eyes opened he knew this, but he did not know or ask the reason. His eyes opened. The sheet of moonlight had travelled across his bed and stood, a panel of brilliance on the side away from the window. Framed in this brightness, as Gardiner's lids slowly lifted, he saw a figure. A man; a man's trousers defined bony, long legs— The sleepy eyes opened more; the governor caught a sharp breath; what was a huge raw-boned man doing at his bedside, in the night? His look travelled up. His chin lifted as his head pushed back into the pillow to allow his vision to range higher—to the face of the gigantic intruder. He saw the face. An intake of breath whistled from his mouth. A second he lay and stared; then with a spring was sitting up in the bed, supporting his body on the palms of his hands, staring yet upward, at that unmistakable face, sculptured on moonlight.

"My God! Abraham Lincoln!"

The loud words exploded, shocking to his own ears the deep quiet. The great rugged face gazed down, the deep eyes met his eyes; there was power, protection, warming in that look, and Gardiner no more doubted the actual presence than he had doubted Lily Martin's the night before. It was impossible, but it was so; Abraham Lincoln stood by his bed, and somehow counselled him. The time was too short to know what was the counsel—it was a huge throb of certainty, but not of definition. With that the door of moonlight was empty. Gardiner was sitting in his bed, holding himself yet on his hands, and he knew without a shadow of turning that a spirit had come from over the line, and subconsciously he was sure that the message he was due to have would come also. With a manner of caveman cry, the fashion of expression which happens to us, from back of civilization, when primitive depths are stirred, he threw his legs to the floor and reached for the electric button, and, reaching, knocked over the row of books on the bed-table. Down they crashed in a cascade; then the light was on; the man stared about, searching to see, somewhere in the room—Lincoln. He had been there three minutes ago; he did not question that, he knew it. But the room was empty; the fire was gray ashes; the air was cold. The governor looked at his watch; ten minutes after three; early morning. He found slippers and a dressing-gown; then saw the tumbled books on the floor and stooped to pick them up. The "Oxford Book of English Verse"; Edna St. Vincent Millay's last volume—Lily knew he liked poetry; the latest "Book of the Month," rather dull but painstakingly modern; Beveridge's "John Marshall"; and, look!—Lily had chosen the books, for Lily knew his hero-worship of Lincoln—a collection of Lincoln's speeches. He held the sprawling leaves in his hands, staring at the title, and glanced up as if the person who had made these sentences, who had stood close just now—as if he really must yet be about. His heart pumping as if climbing steep hills, he smoothed the page and examined. The signature at the bottom, "A. Lincoln"; not far above it a sentence which separated itself; it might have been printed in red type, it so hit his eyes, this sentence:

"Hew honestly to the line; let the Lord take care of the chips."

Gardiner closed the book and placed it on the table and sat down. He had got his message. A sense of leisure pervaded him; the load was lifted; his decision

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bout the State Police bill was made. Why, surely. Lincoln, the statesman, he incorruptible, the American, had ourneyed across the border in the dawn –how sent the Lord only knew, but ıe had come—to tell another perplexed ımerican statesman what to do. This ıne would do it. Hewing to the line ıeant one thing, to decide by one's onscience. All at once there was no diemma. He saw the question as Alice vould have seen it, as Abraham Lincoln would, in terms of honesty on one ıde, of policy on the other. Both Houses f the Legislature had passed this good ·ill; he would not veto it; he would sign :. That was that. Election, popularity vith the working people, his future caeer—"Let the Lord take care of the hips." Those things were chips, the ord's affair, not his; his affair was to eep his hands clean. The State Police ill would be signed.

Smiling, he put "de noses er de hunks togedder" in the dark fireplace; lames sprang cheerily; sitting by them ıe thought over the event of the night, ts thrill yet in his veins. Now he knew vhat Ned Rogers, the bishop, had ıeant when he tried to describe faith. t could not be described any more than ir, but it was as real and as important. Never could he prove to any one that Lincoln had come in the night and setled a political question for him; but he ıad. He knew it; human mentality, as Rogers had said, was not the last word; roof was not all of belief; there was an cean made of intangible stuff called aith, and he stood high enough now, y some mysterious lifting, to look over he iron mountains of reason and limpse that sea. It sounded like foolishess; yesterday it would have been foolshness to him; to-day he knew.

Yet it was a thing easy to explain away. He remembered how he had bent over the row of books and read the titles; it was easy to explain that one at least of those names which he believed had not registered in his brain had caught there—"Speeches by Abraham Lincoln." Easy to explain that the tired brain, twisting still in sleep at its tangled problem, had constructed out of that subconscious registry a theatrical answer to the problem. That was what everybody on earth would say, what Gardiner himself would have said yesterday. Perfectly natural to say it, except when, as in his case, one knew otherwise.

Pale gray of morning drifted like dreams into the room; birds began to chirp sleepily; leaves rustled in a chilly wind; the man sat by the fire and went over and over the short minute of drama just past. Why, *par example,* should Abraham Lincoln travel from eternity to boost him, one governor of one State out of forty-eight, over a bad jump? At that, why Lincoln? Why not Washington or King Alfred or Moses? What had Lincoln to do in this galère, in Lily's quiet old house? If Alice had come— And at that a shock of joy caught him like a blow in the face; he had not realized the largest significance of that visit of the night. He had said that if he could see one, only one, soul from the unknown land, he would believe in the thing unbelievable, a future life. Lincoln had come, was alive, was an identity; why not Alice? God! Why not? His face turned dark red as the blood jumped violently. It was Lincoln —it all turned on that—and he knew beyond need of proof, he *knew* it was Lincoln. He could never tell any one; not even Lily, for not even Lily would understand. But he did not need to tell any one; this thing was his own, and a

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fact. Being so, life and eternity shifted. He would have Alice again; he did not now doubt it. Doubled up in his dressing-gown over the fire, the first sunshine of a bright morning touching him, dancing around him, the governor adjusted himself to a titanic experience and a new radiant outlook. After a while he went back to bed, for it was too early yet to dress, and lay awake, smiling. Then he spoke aloud:

"But, Alice darling, why should you stay away and pick Abraham Lincoln out of the mass of the departed to be your messenger?"

To that, no answer; so he dropped into a child's deep sleep for two hours more.

When a dinner at the Somerset Club in Boston was to be arranged for the newly re-elected Governor of Massachusetts, three months later, the president of the club made oration to the guest of honor as follows:

"You're fed up, governor, with politicians and Captains of Industry. If you'll let us have an evening, we will give you, instead of important affiliations, a perfectly good time. I'll seat you between the two most attractive dinner men in America; of course you'll be at my right."

The governor chuckled. "It's settled; I'll come. And I don't care who's your running mate."

"He's yet to be picked, but I'll use judgment," stated the president, who, in fact, did rank as best company in high circles of good company. "It won't be, likely, anything useful in public life; merely the most charming fellow alive; I have my eye on him, I believe. You know I'll first have to hold forth about you and the miracle you've put across, throwing away your election by signing an unpopular bill and then finding that the honesty of the State had risen to meet your honesty, and that you were elected after all. I'll have to talk about that a bit. Most unheard-of political performance."

"Tommy-rot," said the governor. "Just one of the queer things that happen. But you couldn't keep me away from this dinner with an axe." He grinned with his boyish friendliness.

As, three weeks later, fifty or sixty men sat down at a vast round table the new governor glanced about at the faces fitting—as chairs scraped and men found their allotted seats—into the great circle; he listened with a satisfied ear to trained, well-bred voices. A picked lot; the cream of brains and breeding of the country. It flashed to him what the president of the club had said about the man on his other hand "merely the most charming fellow alive"; he turned to see a lean, dark face carved with thought, brilliant with life, experience, mind. "Not overstated I'm guessing," he commented to himself on the president's promise. One must like this chap, just to look at him one did; everybody did. There is no use trying to describe charm. It has many side qualities, to any of which it is often ascribed, but it is independent of qualities; it is charm. One may be ugly, illiterate, and common, and have it; it happens. This man had stunning good looks and intellect and breeding, and the charm of him made one forget all of that. Nothing mattered except that something about him which made it a delight to be with him.

"You're from Albany?" the governor asked. "You know, of course, the Loudonville people. I've a cousin there

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Mrs. Tom Martin. I was stopping at her house not long ago."

"Surely," said the other. "I know them well, Tom and Lily. I was asked to meet you that night. I was not in town. I felt defrauded to miss you. By the way, have you heard from them since they made over the old house lately, six weeks or so ago?"

"Why, no," answered the governor. "Lily is a bad correspondent."

The other man settled deeper into his chair and laughed delightedly, a contagious manner of laughter which was part of his hold on everybody, anybody.

"There's a treat coming to me," he stated. "I'm about to have the satisfaction of telling you as good a ghost-story as any old house ever produced."

"Ghost-story." inquired the governor quickly.

"No," said the other. "Not exactly, for the ghost's lacking; but the stage is marvellously set. I'll tell you about it. Do you remember the large bedroom at Tory Trees' which is above Tom's library?"

"I slept there."

"You did? And you didn't see a ghost?"

The governor said nothing; he listened.

"Well, you see, six or seven weeks ago they took that room to pieces; plaster was falling, woodwork cracking; they had to do radical things to save it. When the east wall was being stripped of paper a workman called Lily.

" 'There's a double partition in here, Mrs. Martin,' the man said. 'There's a sort of closet between, and I found a dress hanging up in it. It looks old. I thought you'd better see about it.'

"Lily was surprised. 'A dress?' she asked. 'I don't know anything about a dress in that place. We have lived here thirty years. Mr. Martin's father lived here twenty-six before us; I never heard of a dress in there. Or a closet.'

"She hurried to the room. Sure enough, there was a shallow space near where the bed had stood. A charming old room—you remember?"

The governor nodded.

"There had evidently been a closet: there were rows of hooks, and nothing on them but this one dress. Lily lifted it carefully, for it was evidently very old, and carried it into her own room and laid it on the bed; gone yellow, of course, but it had been a handsome white satin ball-dress, with a wreath of artificial roses and lilacs across the front; the roses were not very rosy, and the lilacs dusty with years, poor things. But what struck Lily at once and most was a lot of dark stains, some big and some a mere spatter on the skirt. They seemed creepy to her, she said, those stains; she beat her brains to think what they were and why the old dress should have been hung long ago in that secret place. The wall was papered over, door and all; fit to conceal it till doomsday. She couldn't find a theory; so she put the haberdashery into a guest-room and showed it to a few people, but no one could drum up an explanation. One day I went out to 'Tory Trees' for lunch and, as I like old things, Lily took me up to see her ghost-dress. And somehow I hit on an answer. I got very much of a thrill out of that answer."

The dark, brilliant, visionary eyes of the "most charming fellow alive" met the governor's eyes. Then the voice went on:

"Do you remember the details about Lincoln's assassination?" the vibrating voice inquired.

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"Lincoln?" Gardiner started. And then: "I do, yes."

"The theatre-party, at Ford's Theatre. The President and Mrs. Lincoln first invited General and Mrs. Grant to go in the box with them, you remember?"

"Yes," said Gardiner.

"The Grants failed. They were going out of town. So the Lincolns cast about for two attractive people and hit on a young officer, well known in Washington, and his half-sister. These were asked, and came, and were in the Executive box when Wilkes Booth fired his shot, and—you see? The stains on the old dress were—Lincoln's blood."

"But"—the governor shot the word at him—"but, why the dress—in Loudonville—walled up? Where does it connect?"

"The old house—Lily's house—belonged to the girl's family. No secret about that; everybody in Loudonville knows that; Lily and Tom, of course, know it. Tom's father bought the house from the family. The girl was probably distracted as to what to do with that dress, with those terrible, almost sacred stains. She should have burned it up, but she didn't. Instead she brought it home— All this is just my theory, but I know it's so. Likely she agonized over it and its dreadful memories, and somehow, some time, she got it walled up."

The raconteur stopped with a dramatic gesture and stared at the governor. A wonderful audience, the governor; his eyes burned like lamps, listening; one had heard that he was temperamental; part of his strength and of his weakness.

"Of course there's no proving my explanation," went on the story-teller. "It's only my theory, but I'd risk my life it's the right one. What else, possibly? The dress was there, hidden; the stains were there; and the girl who lived in that house had been through that historic scene."

"You're right. There's no question," pronounced the governor, and his voice was harsh and dominant. "Your theory is right."

The other looked up quickly at the inflection of assurance. "You know? How do you know that, governor? Did a ghost tell you?"

The governor was silent a moment. Then he spoke: "Considering the hole I was in over our State Police bill at that moment"—he spoke with a laugh that shook a little—"it really was up to any ghost of Abraham Lincoln within hail to answer the S. O. S. of a hard-put American. Don't you think so?"

Temperamental himself to the ntl power, quick-visioned, almost a sensitive, the club president's best guest thrilled suddenly at the vibration of some experience which he might never know in words, which he did not need words to apprehend. A little he glimpsed through the ether which divides unlike and unites kindred spirits; his brain sang, answered like a wind-harp, to the gusts of the governor's brain reconstructing a dim room, a panel of moonlight, a face intimate to Americans. He could not know, this guest, this flower of Americanism, the message which had come from the open book on the floor which was not less a message for its delivery through modern print: "Hew to the line; let the Lord take care of the chips." But the governor was reliving the experience, and his neighbor, high strung, psychic, got the atmosphere and well-nigh the fact as if many words had told him.

"Wasn't it—a duty—if a ghost of

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Abraham Lincoln—maybe—was hovering about that place—where his mortal blood still existed—to help an American—a leader of the people—who was fighting through—to— Don't you think so?" shot the governor, ending his incoherent sentence explosively. His face was aflame and his boyish, honest eyes, bared, with that lifelong, unsuspected trick of them, his whole soul.

The two men stared into each other's faces. And understood.

Clisson and Eugénie

A LOVE-STORY

BY NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

EDITED BY HARRY B. SMITH

If this story by the Emperor Napoleon the First were published as a book, it is likely that it would be ound in the list of the six worst-sellers. The story has the kind of interest awakned by the dog walking on his hind egs, of which Goldsmith said, "He did ıot walk well," hypercriticism to which Doctor Johnson replied, "The marvel is hat he did it at all." It must be acknowldged that Lieutenant Bonaparte's novl is the sort of story that might be writen by any sentimental youth of seveneen, interested in himself and regardng his flirtation as one of the world's ;reat love romances.

In thinking of Napoleon as a writer of fiction, one must not imagine the tout emperor with one hand thrust unler his waistcoat and a worried expresion as if he feared he had lost somehing. You are to picture to yourself, f you please, a thin, hatchet-faced outh, five feet four inches tall—that being the greatest height the Little Corporal ever attained. His long hair hangs at the sides of his face like a spaniel's ears. (A lady who knew him has recorded that it was "badly powdered.")

His brilliant gray eyes are set in dark circles in a sallow face. His uniform as a lieutenant is shabby and patched; his shoes worn and mended. France could not afford to be liberal with her soldiers, for the government was in financial difficulties. Even the court was economizing, though secret negotiations for a diamond necklace were in progress. The republic was still the dream of visionaries. A young man could not become an officer if he were not an aristocrat. Young Napoleone Buonaparte—as he then spelled his name—had proved to the authorities that his ancestors were poor but honest noblemen; so he was accepted as a student at a military school. If he had been a tradesman's son, he might have adhered to his alternative

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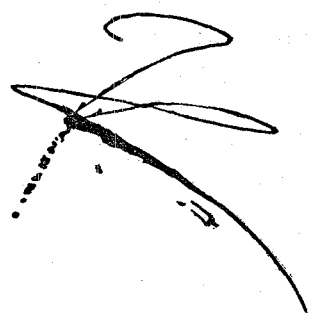
ambition and become an author, depriving biographers and artists of one of their favorite subjects.

At the age of seventeen Lieutenant Buonaparte had begun his "History of Corsica," sending the preliminary chapters to the Abbé Raynal, with a letter making the bold assertion: "Not yet eighteen, I am a writer." In the same year he wrote an essay on "The Relations of Church and State." In 1791 he completed a "Dialogue on Love," in which, at the mature age of twenty-two, a disillusioned misogynist, he confessed: "I, too, was once in love." As he was a historian and a philosopher in his eighteenth year, and at twenty-two looked upon love as a thing of the remote past, it is probable that his experiment in sentimental fiction was one of his earliest attempts at authorship. Not only is it unlikely that an aspiring youth who had written philosophical treatises should descend to trivialities, but the subject of the story identifies it as a work of the soldier-author's sixteenth year.

Just how good—or how bad—the story may be will never be known, for Napoleon's writing, always difficult to read, is here at its worst. As a novelist he is at a disadvantage resembling that of the learned Doctor Parr, of whom it was said that "none would ever know the extent of his erudition, as no one could read his writing, and when he talked no one could understand him because of his harelip."

Napoleon is supposed to have been a man of extraordinary coolness—with an occasional outbreak of temper—probably histrionic. I have a letter written by Maret, the emperor's minister of foreign affairs, in which he says: "The only calm person in this crisis is the great man." Physicians noted that the emperor's pulse was abnormally slow. Conceding the calmness, the hand writing of Napoleon is an argumen against the revelation of character b autography. He wrote an exceptionall bad hand, generally indicating frant haste and feverish excitement.



One of the most extraordinary of the Empe or's signatures is the above, which he wrot after his defeat at the battle of Leipsic.

A page of his manuscript makes th famous scrawl of Horace Greeley loo like copperplate by comparison. It told of Greeley that an irreverent com positor once let a fly half-drowned i ink crawl over a paper and then went t the great editor to protest that he coul not "make out this word." Mr. Gree ley glanced at the fly-tracks an promptly said the word was "uncon stitutional." Napoleon's writing is lik that. Fortunately there lives in Paris gifted creature employed as an exper by Charavay, the leading authority o French autographs. This solver of cryp tograms has deciphered most of th manuscript of Napoleon's love-story though some paragraphs baffled him Nevertheless, he is entitled to rank wit Œdipus and Champollion, and shoul have a statue in the Invalides beside th tomb of Napoleon, inscribed "The Ma Who Can Read His Writing."

In October, 1785, Bonaparte left th military school in Paris and went t Valence, carrying letters of introductio

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to Madame Grégoire du Colombier and Madame Lauberie de Saint Germain. These letters were of great advantage to him, for the ladies "belonged to the lesser nobility and lived handsomely." Each of them had a daughter, and Lieutenant Bonaparte became interested in both the young ladies. To one of them, Caroline du Colombier, is usually assigned the distinction of being Napoleon's first love, but his admiration was divided between her and Mademoiselle de Saint Germain. The two probably amused themselves with the solemn and shabby youth, and they soon showed their preference for rival suitors, Caroline marrying another officer, Monsieur de Bressieux, and Mademoiselle de Saint Germain choosing her cousin, Monsieur de Montalivet. Twenty years later, when the ineligible lieutenant had become a self-made monarch, he remembered these old sweethearts, gave them positions at court, and found lucrative appointments for their husbands.

It was during his year at Valence that Bonaparte, his interest divided between two attractive young women, thought of the affair as material for a novel. There is no doubt that the story is autobiographical. The character of the young officer Clisson is a self-portrait recognizable from the descriptions given by Madame Junot and others who knew the future emperor in his early days. Another portion of the manuscript of the story was recently discovered by Professor Askenazy, a Polish historian, in the library of Count Dzialynski, at Kurnik. My manuscript, which is incomplete, begins abruptly:

The girlish beauty and the lovely eyes of Amélie immediately won the admiration of Clisson, and while escorting the young ladies to their home in the country he found opportunity to ask if they would permit him to see them again. After bidding them adieu his thoughts were only of the charming girls whose acquaintance he had made. Viewing in retrospection the portrait of Amélie and remembering her words, he acknowledged to himself the fascination of her personality, and he would have yielded to its spell had he not been restrained by thoughts of the demure and modest Eugénie. The latter had upon his heart a mysterious influence that disturbed his memories of the beauty of Amélie.

The two young ladies, on their side, had been impressed very differently by their new acquaintance. Amélie reproached Eugénie for having concealed the pleasure that the conversation of the stranger had given her. Amélie herself had found him sombre and austere, though distingué and courteous. Eugénie, on the other hand, considered that Amélie had been too frank in disclosing her interest in the young officer; yet her heart whispered to her the reproof that she herself was far from indifferent to him. Indeed, she thought of him with sentiments that she could neither explain nor justify to herself.

On the following day, Amélie tried in vain to lead Eugénie into conversation regarding their new acquaintance, and to learn her real opinion of him. Eugénie evaded all questions, and the two friends soon parted, Amélie saying she would write a letter to her sister and then go for a walk in the fields. Although there was no rendezvous, Clisson had had the same idea of taking a morning walk, and the two met by chance. They greeted each other like old acquaintances. The frankness of young hearts and the friendly spirit of neighbors in the country banished all

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conventional formality and artificial restraint.

For several hours they strolled together, Amélie essaying to win his admiration by her beauty and gaiety. When they parted she returned to the château, filled with a high opinion of Clisson, whom, nevertheless, she found not very gallant, though agreeable and amiable.

All day long Amélie talked of nothing but Clisson, and she obtained from Eugénie a promise that they should all three meet the next morning. Eugénie, on her part, had thought constantly of the young officer, and she could not decide in her own mind whether she disliked or esteemed him. It had been agreed between him and Amélie that they were to meet on the following morning, and for reasons of her own she invited Eugénie to accompany her. Clisson appeared first at the appointed place, and when he saw Amélie approaching it was with a strange agitation that he observed that her friend Eugénie was by her side. While he chatted with Amélie, Eugénie stood near, listening, scarcely speaking, and if Clisson addressed her she responded casually, revealing but little interest. Clisson, somewhat embarrassed, hardly dared to look at her, yet he was aware that her eyes were always fixed upon him. Her gaze expressed the curiosity that was in her mind. She asked herself: "Who is he? What is his station in the world?" Her secret reflections were: "What a sombre and thoughtful manner! One sees in his looks the maturity of age, yet in his conversation there is the spirit of youth." In a way unaccountable to herself she resented his bestowing most of his attention upon her friend, and it grieved her to see him apparently captivated by Amélie.

It was not long after this meeting that Eugénie decided to return to the house of her parents, giving to Amélie the excuse that her health required a change of climate. In the loneliness of a country mansion, with no associates of her own age, she thought constantly of Clisson, while he, separated from her, not knowing whether he should ever see her again, realized that it was she, not the brilliant Amélie, whom he loved.

As nearly as one can judge from the legible words in this part of the manuscript, it appears that Eugénie became pale and melancholy and that the family doctor was consulted. The shrewd and sympathetic physician diagnosed Eugénie's malady as a well-defined case of *l'amour,* and recommended the homœopathic treatment, *similia similibus curantur.* Acting upon this sage advice, parental objections were withdrawn. The young novelist does not tell his reader that the happy pair were actually married; thus sounding a distinctly modern note and proving that, even as a writer of fiction, Napoleon was in advance of his time. Or perhaps, before the days of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, readers of fiction considered marriage a thing to be taken for granted. The bloom is restored to Eugénie's damask cheek, and, comparative legibility reappearing in the manuscript the enthralled reader learns that——

This union was the work of love, the most ardent and reverent that had ever agitated a man's heart. Eugénie, who hitherto had known only friendship, and who believed herself insensible to love, now experienced all its fervor. Clisson with resignation abandoned his ambition and dreamed no more of war, its glory and its folly. He lived only

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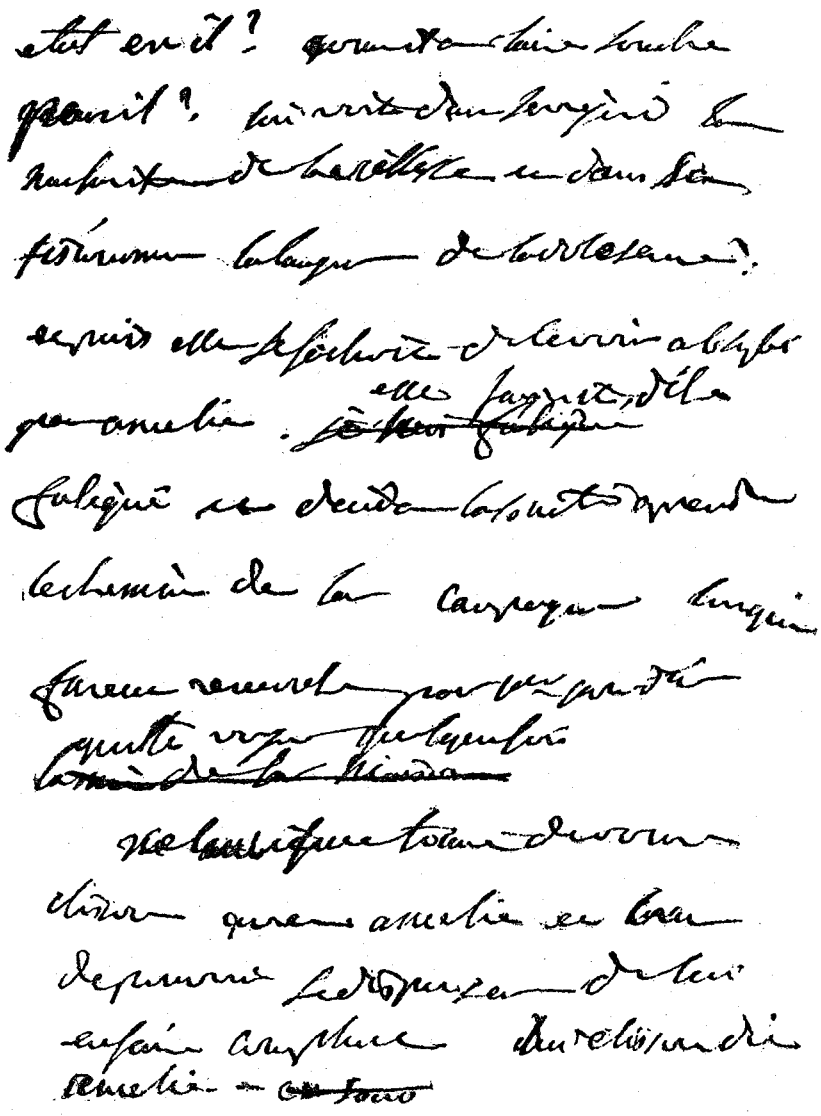

Facsimile of a Part of Napoleon's Manuscript.

for Eugénie. They associated amicably with their elders, benefiting by counsel. Every obstacle of rank and fortune was swept away, and their hearts and minds were in perfect accord. All the felicity of the most honorable love and the most exquisite sentiments of friendship reigned in the hearts of the fortunate lovers. All their thoughts and dreams united in mutual tenderness; they passed days of unalloyed happiness. In Clisson's mind war was forgotten. He felt that he had not really lived before he met Eugénie, and his life was dedicated to her. For her love he renounced all his dreams of glory

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and victory. In this happy time the years passed, seeming brief as days, the months like hours. Children were born to them, but he and she continued to be like young lovers.

Eugénie loved as devotedly as she was beloved. There was no care, no pleasure, no interest, that they did not share. One would have said that nature had given them the same aspirations, the same ideals. At night Eugénie never slumbered but with her head resting upon the shoulder of her lover. Through the day they were happy only when they were together; bringing up their children, cultivating their garden, directing their household.

The love of Eugénie had fully compensated Clisson for the injustice with which the world had dealt with him, that injustice to which he no longer gave a thought and which seemed like a forgotten dream. The hope of revenge engendered by the injuries he had received, no longer troubled his mind. He and his charming companion lived very quietly in a peaceful home by the sea, far from the busy world, in rural simplicity, the beauty of nature sufficing for their contentment. They were fortunate in living far from crowds of fools and misanthropes, while the poor and unhappy blessed them for their charity and benevolence.

Thus their lives passed serenely until Eugénie attained her twenty-second year. The society of a man like Clisson, of such substantial merit; the calm and security of her life—had given her face a new beauty and attractiveness, a new youthfulness. She still looked as young as in the first year of her marriage. Still in love with her husband, a tender mother to her children, she was protected by never-failing devotion from all the cares and annoyances of life. Never perhaps had love allied two dispositions so different in a union that developed their hearts and minds in such perfect harmony. Her alliance with Clisson had rendered Eugénie accomplished; her weakness and sentimentality were supplanted by strength and energy, and she had acquired a character making her worthy to be the mother of his children. He, too, changed greatly. No longer austere and melancholy, moody and abstracted, his character was influenced by the sweetness and amiability of Eugénie. The military honors he had attained by his ability were no longer prized. The pride of one accustomed to command had rendered him at times brusque and dictatorial; but the love of Eugénie eliminated the arrogance of a soldier, and caused him to conform to the conventionalities of a calm and peaceful life. They associated rarely with the gay world. They were little known excepting to congenial neighbors, among whom they found true friends.

There came a time when Clisson observed a change in Eugénie, a change for which he was unable to account. Sometimes her eyes would fill with tears, and she became silent and depressed without apparent cause. If they were about to part for a few hours, she would weep and cling to Clisson, her heart agitated by some oppressive presentiment.

My manuscript ends here, leaving the reader in doubt as to the nature of the impending calamity. Mr. A. E. Ruszkiewicz, editor of *Dziennik Dla Wszystkich,* has obligingly given me a description of the manuscript found in Poland. In this version Clisson marries Eugénie and is "put at the head of an army." While he is winning battles, her letters

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become cold and infrequent, and he learns that she has fallen in love with a stay-at-home officer, Berville by name. Clisson writes a farewell letter, leads his men to battle and falls, "riddled by a thousand bullets," a liberal allowance for one combatant. This suggests that at some time, after 1796, Napoleon revised his novel giving it a tragic turn based upon Josephine's affair with Hippolyte Charles, an officer on the staff of General Leclerq.

By a bit of the good luck that occasionally cheers a collecting Autolycus —"a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" —I bought at auction, thirty years ago, a book which may have suggested to young Bonaparte the idea of trying his hand at writing a love-story; certainly it influenced the style and form of his one attempt as a novelist. After Waterloo, when the allied armies occupied Paris, the soldiers presented themselves with the freedom of the city and made themselves at home in the palaces, galleries, and libraries. Though there were strict orders prohibiting pillage, the mandate, like other unpopular laws, was "more honored in the breach than in the observance," and there was much bootlegging of souvenirs. An officer of the Netherland Artillery, Captain Van Opstate, found the palace at Fontainebleau so interesting that he coveted a memorial of the vanquished emperor. Being a moderately honest and conscientious Hollander, his loot was of trifling value. He slipped into his pocket a small book bound in mottled calf stamped on the sides with the imperial arms. Captain Van Opstate wrote on a fly-leaf: "The 23d July, 1815, at Fontainebleau. From the library of Napoleon Bonaparte, the fallen Emperor of France."

In order that future generations should not forget that Napoleon was a person of some importance in his day, the military bibliophile added at a later date a synopsis of the principal events of the emperor's career. It is known that Napoleon's taste in literature inclined to the historical and scientific. His favorite bedside book was Plutarch's "Lives," though it is likely that he would have lulled himself to slumber with a good detective story, had there been any in those benighted days. The Dutch captain's prize is a love-story written in the sentimental style bequeathed by Mademoiselle de Scudéry to her immediate successors in the art of writing fiction. It is entitled "Rose et Daméte." Among my other volumes that belonged to the emperor, in showy uniforms of red and gold, this book appears like a poor relation. Undoubtedly it was owned by Lieutenant Bonaparte in his early days, and the imperial decoration was added to it later when old books that he had owned were permitted to mingle with aristocratic associates. The simple story and the naïve style in which it is written suggest the probability that it served as a model for the lieutenant when he considered his own amatory adventure worthy of preservation in the form of fiction. Imitated by a pen considerably less mighty than his sword, "Rose and Daméte" became "Clisson and Eugénie," with the author in the character of Clisson, and the object of his adoration as Eugénie. His fondness for the latter name was continued in curious fashion. Nine years later, at Marseilles, he fell in love with Désirée Clary, whose sister Julie had married his brother Joseph. Mademoiselle Clary's father did not favor Napoleon as a son-in-law, saying: "One Bonaparte in the family is quite enough." Sixty-five years

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afterward Désirée Clary's letters to her lover were discovered. They were signed "Eugénie," the name given by Bonaparte to the heroine of his story. Another Eugénie became empress of France, purchased Bonaparte's birthplace at Ajaccio, and, in the crisis of 1870, by insisting on "my war," ended forever Napoleon's dream of founding a dynasty.

Pastel

By Dorothy Haight

For she has taken pleasure in small things—
Pansies on Easter Sunday from a friend;
A concert under chestnut-trees; attractive rings
Embellishing her frailly fingered hand;
Frolic of loving lightly as the lilies bend
Moved by the breezes of their preference,
Her brief white kisses, like a reticent perfume,
Ending each minor consequence.

Nor has she ever asked to be upturned
By passion in a black earthquake;
And children crying, leave her unconcerned.
Her untrod delicacy does not understand;
A grief seems less, somehow, than a mistake
Or disappointment.—Raymond did not telephone,
A headache, or that trunk lost at Fiume,
Or going to the Opera alone.

Mothers surrounded by their sons at home
Pity her wandering frivolities,
Her mild intoxication with mere foam.
While she avoids their hot substantialities,
Sipping her pleasure from these tiny things—
The sensitive vibration of a gray moth's wings,
The compliments that a becoming tea-gown brings.

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An Angel on the Porch

BY THOMAS WOLFE

The first work of a new writer about whom much will be heard this fall.

Late on an afternoon in young summer Queen Elizabeth came quickly up into the square past Gant's marble-shop. Surrounded by the stones, the slabs, the cold carved lambs of death, the stonecutter leaned upon the rail and talked with Jannadeau, the faithful burly Swiss who, fenced in a little rented place among Gant's marbles, was probing with delicate monocled intentness into the entrails of a watch.

"There goes the Queen," said Gant, stopping for a moment their debate.

"A smart woman. A pippin as sure as you're born," he added, with relish.

He bowed gallantly with a sweeping flourish of his great-boned frame of six feet five. "Good evening, madam."

She replied with a bright smile of friendliness which may have had in it the flicker of old memory, including Jannadeau with a cheerful impersonal nod. For just a moment more she paused, turning her candid stare upon smooth granite slabs of death, carved lambs and cherubim within the shop, and finally on an angel poised upon cold phthisic feet, with a smile of soft stone idiocy, stationed beside the door upon Gant's little porch. Then, with her brisk, firm tread, she passed the shop, untroubled by the jeweller's heavy stare of wounded virtue, as he glowered up from his dirty littered desk, following her vanishing form with a guttural mutter of distaste.

They resumed their debate:

"And you may mark my words," proceeded Gant, wetting his big thumb, as if he had never been interrupted, and continuing his attack upon the Democratic party, and all the bad weather, fire, famine, and pestilence that attended its administration, "if they get in again we'll have soup-kitchens, the banks will go to the wall, and your guts will grease your backbone before another winter's over."

The Swiss thrust out a dirty hand toward the library he consulted in all disputed areas—a greasy edition of "The World Almanac," three years old—saying triumphantly, after a moment of dirty thumbing, in strange wrenched accent: "Ah—just as I thought: the muni*cip*-al taxation of Milwaukee under De*moc*-ratic administration in 1905 was two dollars and twenty-five cents the hundred, the lowest it had been in years. I cannot ima-*gine* why the total revenue is not given."

Judiciously reasonable, statistically argumentative, the Swiss argued with animation against his Titan, picking his nose with blunt black fingers, his broad yellow face breaking into flaccid creases, as he laughed gutturally at Gant's unreason, and at the rolling periods of his rhetoric.

Thus they talked in the shadow of the big angel that stood just beyond the door upon Gant's porch, leering down upon their debate with a smile of idiot benevolence. Thus they talked, while Elizabeth passed by, in the cool damp of Gant's

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fantastical brick shack, surrounded by the stones, the slabs, the cold carved lambs of death. And as they talked the gray and furtive eyes of the stonecutter, which darkened so seldom now with the shade of the old hunger—for stone and the cold wrought face of an angel—looked out into the square at all the little pullulation of the town, touched, as that woman passed his door with gallant tread, by a memory he thought had died forever. The lost words. The forgotten faces. Where? When?

He was getting on to sixty-five, his long, erect body had settled, he stooped a little. He spoke of old age often, and he wept in his tirades now because of his great right hand, stiffened by rheumatism, which once had carved so cunningly the dove, the lamb, the cold joined hands of death (but never the soft stone face of an angel). Soaked in pity, he referred to himself as "The poor old cripple who has to provide for the whole family."

That proud and sensual flesh was on its way to dust.

The indolence of age and disintegration was creeping over him. He rose now a full hour later, he came to his shop punctually, but he spent long hours of the day extended on the worn leather couch of his office, or in gossip with Jannadeau, bawdy old Liddell, Cardiac, his doctor, and Fagg Sluder, who had salted away his fortune in two big buildings on the square, and was at the present moment tilted comfortably in a chair before the fire department, gossiping eagerly with members of the ball club, whose chief support he was. It was after five o'clock, the game was over.

Negro laborers, grisly with a white coating of cement, sloped down past the shop on their way home. The draymen dispersed slowly, a slouchy policeman loafed down the steps of the city hall picking his teeth, and on the market side, from high grilled windows, there came the occasional howls of a drunken negress. Life buzzed slowly like a fly.

The sun had reddened slightly, there was a cool flowing breath from the hills, a freshening relaxation over the tired earth, the hope, the ecstasy, of evening in the air. In slow pulses the thick plume of fountain rose, fell upon itself, and slapped the pool in lazy rhythms. A wagon rattled leanly over the big cobbles; beyond the firemen, the grocer Bradly wound up his awning with slow, creaking revolutions.

Across the square at its other edge the young virgins of the eastern part of town walked lightly home in chattering groups. They came to town at four o'clock in the afternoon, walked up and down the little avenue several times, entered a shop to purchase small justifications, and finally went into the chief drug-store, where the bucks of the town loafed and drawled in lazy, alert groups. It was their club, their brasserie, the forum of the sexes. With confident smiles the young men detached themselves from their group and strolled back to booth and table.

"Hey theah! Wheahd you come from?"

"Move ovah theah, lady. I want to tawk to you."

Gant looked and saw. His thin mouth was tickled by a faint sly smile. He wet his big thumb quickly.

While his fugitive eyes roved over the east end of the square, Gant talked with Jannadeau. Before the shop the comely matrons of the town came up from the market. From time to time they smiled, seeing him, and he bowed sweepingly. Such lovely manners!

"The king of England," he observed,

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"is only a figurehead. He doesn't begin to have the power of the President of the United States."

"His power is severely li*mite*d," said Jannadeau gutturally, "by custom but not by statute. In actua*lity* he is still one of the most powerful monarchs in the world." His thick black fingers probed carefully into the viscera of a watch.

"The late King Edward, for all his faults," said Gant, wetting his thumb, "was a smart man. This fellow they've got now is a nonentity and a nincompoop." He grinned faintly, with pleasure, at this ghost of his old rhetoric, glancing furtively at the Swiss to see if the big words told.

His uneasy eyes followed carefully the stylish carriage of Queen Elizabeth's well-clad figure as she came down by the shop again. She smiled pleasantly, bound homeward for her latticed terrace. He bowed elaborately.

"Good evening, madam," he said.

She disappeared. In a moment she came back decisively and mounted the broad steps. He watched her approach with quickened pulses. Twelve years.

"How's the madam?" he said gallantly as she crossed the porch. "Elizabeth, I was just telling Jannadeau you were the most stylish woman in town."

"Well, that's mighty sweet of you, Mr. Gant," she said in her cool, poised voice. "You've always got a good word for every one."

She gave a bright, pleasant nod to Jannadeau, who swung his huge scowling head ponderously around and muttered at her.

"Why, Elizabeth," said Gant, "you haven't changed an inch in fifteen years. I don't believe you're a day older."

She was thirty-eight and cheerfully aware of it.

"Oh, yes," she said laughing. "You're only saying that to make me feel good. I'm no chicken any more."

She had a pale, clear skin, pleasantly freckled, carrot-colored hair, and a thin mouth live with humor. Her figure was trim and strong—no longer young. She had a great deal of energy, distinction, and elegance in her manner.

"How are all the girls, Elizabeth?" he asked kindly.

Her face grew sad. She began to pull her gloves off.

"That's what I came in to see you about," she said. "I lost one of them last week."

"Yes," said Gant gravely, "I was sorry to hear of that."

"She was the best girl I had," said Elizabeth." I'd have done anything in the world for her. We did everything we could," she added. "I've no regrets on that score. I had a doctor and two trained nurses by her all the time."

She opened her black leather handbag, thrust her gloves into it, and pulling out a small blue-bordered handkerchief began to weep quietly.

"Huh-huh-huh-huh-huh," said Gant, shaking his head. "Too bad, too bad, too bad. Come back to my office," he said. They went back to the dusty little room and sat down. Elizabeth dried her eyes.

"What was her name?" he asked.

"We called her Lily—her full name was Lilian Reed."

"Why, I knew that girl," he exclaimed. "I spoke to her not over two weeks ago." He convinced himself permanently that this was true.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "she went like that—one hemorrhage right after another. Nobody ever knew she was sick until last Wednesday. Friday she was gone." She wept again.

"T-t-t-t-t-t," he clucked regretfully.

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"Too bad, too bad. She was pretty as a picture."

"I couldn't have loved her more, Mr. Gant," said Elizabeth, "if she had been my own daughter."

"How old was she?" he asked.

"Twenty-two," said Elizabeth, beginning to weep again

"What a pity! What a pity!" he agreed. "Did she have any people?"

"No one who would do anything for her," Elizabeth said. "Her mother died when she was thirteen—she was born out here on the Beetree Fork—and her father," she added indignantly, "is a mean old devil who's never done anything for her or any one else. He didn't even come to her funeral."

"He will be punished," said Gant darkly.

"As sure as there's a God in heaven," Elizabeth agreed, "he'll get what's coming to him in hell. The dirty old crook!" she continued virtuously, "I hope he rots!"

"You can depend upon it," he said grimly. "He will. Ah, Lord." He was silent a moment while he shook his head with slow regret.

"A pity, a pity," he muttered. "So young." He had the moment of triumph all men have when they hear some one has died. A moment, too, of grisly fear—sixty-four.

"I couldn't have loved her more," said Elizabeth, "if she'd been one of my own. A young girl like that with all her life before her."

"It's pretty sad when you come to think of it," he said. "By God, it is!"

"And she was such a fine girl, Mr. Gant," said Elizabeth, weeping softly. "She had such a bright future before her. She had more opportunities than I ever had, and I suppose you know"—she spoke modestly—"what I've done."

"Why," he exclaimed, startled, "you're a rich woman, Elizabeth—damned if I don't believe you are. You own property all over town."

"I wouldn't say that," she answered, "but I've got enough to live on without ever doing another lick of work. I've had to work hard all my life. From now on I don't intend to turn my hand over."

She looked at him with a shy, pleased smile, and touched a coil of her fine hair with a small competent hand. He looked at her attentively, noting with pleasure her firm uncorseted hips, moulded compactly into her tailored suit, and her cocked comely legs tapering to graceful feet, shod in neat little slippers of tan. She was firm, strong, washed, and elegant—a faint scent of lilac hovered over her. He looked at her candid eyes, lucently gray, and saw that she was quite a great lady.

"By God, Elizabeth," he said, "you're a fine-looking woman!"

"I've had a good life," she said. "I've taken care of myself."

They had always known each other—since first they met. They had no excuses, no questions, no replies. The world fell away from them. In the silence they heard the pulsing slap of the fountain, the high laughter of bawdry in the square. He took a book of models from the desk and began to turn its slick pages. They showed modest blocks of Georgia marble and Vermont granite.

"I don't want any of these," she said impatiently. "I've already made up my mind. I know what I want."

He looked up surprised. "What is it?"

"I want the angel out front."

His face was startled and unwilling. He gnawed the corner of his thin lip. No one knew how fond he was of the angel. Publicly he called it his white ele-

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phant. He cursed it and said he had been a fool to order it. For six years it had stood on the porch weathering in all the wind and rain. It was now brown and fly-specked. But it had come from Carrara in Italy, and it held a stone lily delicately in one hand. The other hand was lifted in benediction, it was poised clumsily upon the ball of one phthisic foot, and its stupid white face wore a smile of soft stone idiocy.

In his rages Gant sometimes directed vast climaxes of abuse at the angel. "Fiend out of hell," he roared, "you have impoverished me, you have ruined me, you have cursed my declining years, and now you will crush me to death—fearful, awful, and unnatural monster that you are."

But sometimes when he was drunk he fell weeping on his knees before it, called it Cynthia, the name of his first wife, and entreated its love, forgiveness, and blessing for its sinful but repentant boy. There was from the square laughter.

"What's the matter?" said Elizabeth. "Don't you want to sell it?"

"It will cost you a good deal, Elizabeth," he said evasively.

"I don't care," she answered positively. "I've got the money. How much do you want?"

He was silent, thinking for a moment of the place where the angel stood. He knew he had nothing to cover or obliterate that place—it left a barren crater in his heart.

"All right," he said finally. "You can have it for what I paid for it—four hundred and twenty dollars."

She took a thick sheaf of bank notes from her purse and counted the money out for him. He pushed it back.

"No. Pay me when the job's finished and it has been set up. You want some sort of inscription, don't you?"

"Yes. There's her full name, age, place of birth, and so on," she said, giving him a scrawled envelope. "I want some poetry, too—something that suits a young girl taken off like this."

He pulled his tattered little book of inscriptions from a pigeonhole and thumbed its pages, reading her a quatrain here and there. To each she shook her head. Finally he said:

"How's this one, Elizabeth?" He read:

> " 'She went away in beauty's flower,
> Before her youth was spent,
> Ere life and love had lived its hour
> God called her, and she went.
>
> Yet whispers Faith upon the wind:
> No grief to *her* was given.
> She left *your* love and went to find
> A greater one in heaven.' "

"Oh, that's lovely—lovely!" she said. "I want that one."

"Yes," he agreed, "I think that's the best one."

In the musty, cool smell of his little office they got up. Her gallant figure reached his shoulder. She buttoned her kid gloves over the small pink haunch of her palms and glanced about her. His battered sofa filled one wall, the line of his long body was printed in the leather. She looked up at him. His face was sad and grave. They remembered.

"It's been a long time, Elizabeth," he said.

They walked slowly to the front through aisled marbles. Sentinelled just beyond the wooden doors the angel leered vacantly down. Jannadeau drew his great head turtlewise a little farther into the protective hunch of his burly shoulders. They went out onto the porch.

The moon stood already like its own phantom in the clear-washed skies of

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evening. A little boy with an empty paper delivery-bag swung lithely by, his freckled nostrils dilating pleasantly with hunger and the fancied smell of supper. He passed, and for a moment, as they stood at the porch edge, all life seemed frozen in a picture: the firemen and Fagg Sluder had seen Gant, whispered, and were now looking toward him; a policeman, at the high side-porch of the police court, leaned on the rail and stared; at the near edge of the central plot below the fountain a farmer bent for water at a bubbling jet, rose dripping, and stared; from the tax collector's office, city hall, up-stairs, Yancy, huge, meaty, shirt-sleeved, stared.

And in that second the slow pulse of the fountain was suspended, life was held, like an arrested gesture, in photographic abeyance, and Gant felt himself alone move deathward in a world of seemings as, in 1910, a man might find himself again in a picture taken on the grounds of the Chicago Fair, when he was thirty, and his moustache black; and, noting the bustled ladies and the derbied men fixed in the second's pullulation, remember the dead instant, seek beyond the borders for what (he knew) was there. Or as a veteran who finds himself upon his elbow near Ulysses Grant, before the march, in pictures of the Civil War, and sees a dead man on a horse. Or I should say, like some completed Don, who finds himself again before a tent in Scotland in his youth, and notes a cricket-bat long lost and long forgotten; the face of a poet who had died, and young men and the tutor as they looked that Long Vacation when they read nine hours a day for greats.

Where now? Where after? Where then?

A Gray Day in the City

By James B. Carrington

The city's towers are dim and gray,
Gray mists becloud my heart to-day,
There's naught of beauty I can see,
To bring one pleasant thought to me.

Yet in a dreamland far away,
I climb blue heights, see pines that sway,
Still hear the waters of the brook
That sings the songs in Nature's book.

There forest ways are sweet and still,
Soft shadows sleep upon the hill,
While freedom bides there on the trails,
With comradeship that never fails.

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Aunt Emmeline Takes an Interest

BY JANET A. HOLMES

The ship sailed at some time close upon midnight. Emmeline Chisholm, known to a younger generation as "The Old Guard," read, through platinum lorgnettes, the note that Lois Anne had enclosed with orchids.

"Be yourself, Aunt Emmeline. Sneak a few more antiques out of the Continent, and leave Elspeth as hostage. Try a pre-Celtic Primitive in a Gothic frame. Only leave them Elspeth. One atrocity for another; make it a fair swap. When you're in Paris you might look up Tony. She's divorcing her husband and she'll probably be lonely. He's a lamb."

Aunt Emmeline, her lips a straight line of disapproval, rummaged for her fountain pen:

"Lois Anne," she wrote, "tell your uncle Henry to spank you. Your cousin Elspeth is coming home with me. She may be a misfortune but she is a cultured one. There are things you can learn from her. I will not look up Tony. I do not like the goings-on of your generation. If her husband is a lamb, why is she divorcing him?

"Aunt Emmeline.

"P. S. I told your uncle Henry to get you a new roadster as a birthday present from me. He'll probably forget it. Remind him."

Aunt Emmeline rang for the steward and gave him the letter. "To go off at Sandy Hook," she said. Then she looked out the port-hole. A starless night. Bad; very bad. She swallowed three pills for sea-sickness and went to bed. Had the pills held their own against a freshening wind from the south, Aunt Emmeline might have enjoyed a pleasant but not particularly stimulating passage to France, and have returned uneventfully with Elspeth. Simply that and nothing more. No lives would have been changed, no destinies altered. But Nature, triumphing over the pills, willed otherwise.

Came morning but no desire for breakfast. A shuddering distaste for eggs. So it was that Aunt Emmeline made her way a little pallidly into the smoking-room and ordered an apricot brandy. Purely medicinal. And another one. Quietus was established; warmth succeeded clamminess; life, after all, could be endured. A little air and one could face the fact that the French coast was six days distant.

She found her chair in a sheltered corner on the sunny side of the deck and sank down among the blankets feeling like a Queen of Sheba from New England. Her mind, pleasantly at ease, sailed quiet seas, until it struck upon the rock Elspeth. Yes, "blood is thicker than water," but Elspeth was too thick. The weight of consanguinity! She must dig out Elspeth from the Sorbonne, shop patiently with her, mould that inflexible mind into the semblance of femininity, and then bring her home to be a thorn in the side of her father, who liked them tasty morsels and made of the devil. And a nice time she, Aunt Emmeline, was going to have of it. As soon as she set her foot upon French soil she was going to be educated by a chit from the

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Sorbonne, or else antagonize the child. And then what hope of subtly softening, sentimentalizing, feminizing? No. She who had forgotten more than Elspeth would ever know, was going to be educated, and educated, and educated. She might even have to sneak away and look up the reprehensible Tony.

A wave of whiskey enveloped her. It came from the man next to her who was settling himself in his rugs. A creak of the chair, a last flurry of rug, another wave of whiskey. Aunt Emmeline looked at her watch. Still considerably before eleven o'clock! Really! The younger generation! Her eyebrows, over the lorgnettes, mounted. She stirred disapprovingly in her chair, settled back again. Immediately she sensed that the man had turned to stare at her; an amazed, almost ribald stare. What on earth? Ah! She felt the blood rush to her head, over those indomitable features that had lent character rather than beauty to the name of Chisholm. Was it possible that when, repelled by the wave of whiskey, she had moved haughtily in her chair, there had been a companionate wave of apricot brandy?

Mortified, she said in a tone of ice:

"I am a very poor sailor."

The man's face collapsed into a grin.

"I understand," he said, "perfectly." And chuckled.

Aunt Emmeline acknowledged the thrust with a glance. In such manner might a Turk have looked upon an Armenian. Then she raised her magazine, adjusted her lorgnettes, and the young man ceased to exist, Elspeth ceased to exist, the ship and the ocean and the steward with the cups of bouillon, all ceased to exist. Aunt Emmeline was following "The Witherspoon Murder."

"In the darkness, she was yet aware that there was a change in the room. Something unnatural, a difference in the quality of the blackness. She reached out her hand to pull up the quilt, and touched——"

"My God!"

Aunt Emmeline jumped as though shot. The voice was a real one. It had come from the young man who had ceased to exist but who had risen from the dead with unscriptural speed.

"My God," he said, trampling upon Aunt Emmeline's shattered composure, "haven't you any decency? I thought you'd got the last number; pinched an advance copy somehow. But you haven't; it's the same old one, and I've read it. You mean to tell me you have the cast-iron nerve to wait until two days before the end of the month to follow up the latest clews as to who killed old Witherspoon?"

"I didn't mean," returned Aunt Emmeline, "to tell you anything. But since you ask, you're quite wrong about it. I just couldn't get the magazine away from the rest of the family until last night. It wasn't surplus of nerve; it was deficiency in cunning. Who do you think killed old Witherspoon?"

"Dorothy."

"Utter nonsense." Aunt Emmeline was thoroughly aroused. "Why, she's a charming child. She couldn't kill a fly."

"Just the kind that does," countered the young man. "The old hell-cats take it out in clawing and spitting, but the angel-faced young ones, look out for 'em. Take 'em pretty and spoiled and butter-wouldn't-melt-in-their-mouths, and they're the ones who get away with murder. Guess I know all right, all right!"

"Perhaps," said Aunt Emmeline, who was sitting up very stiffly in her

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chair, "you can explain how she shot herself in the back with a revolver?"

"Lord, no." The young man had struggled out of his chair to a standing position among the tangled rugs. "Lord, no! How should I know? I'm not up on all these feminine tricks."

From his lordly height he viewed his speechless opponent. Some latent impulse of chivalry came to him.

"But if it means a lot to you," he conceded, "you might have Lois Anne cable you the answer. The next number comes out day after to-morrow, and then the game's up. Maybe you can hold out until then. I'm trotting on to the bar. Have a little nip to see you through? No? Sorry. Well, toodleoo. You're a good scout, Aunt Emmeline!"

He went. At least, he removed his body, but he left behind him a distinct impression. Who was this character who called her "Aunt Emmeline," who lapped up whiskey before eleven in the morning, who had a delicately discriminating taste in detective stories, and who seemed to be on terms of intimacy with Lois Anne?

A curiously intent look came into her face. It was a look that Elspeth was soon to know; a look that Lois Anne already knew and had described irreverently:

"It means," she said, "that Aunt Emmeline is about to take an interest in your future. And then God help you! The Old Guard dies but it never retreats."

So the "character" lapped its whiskey, and The Old Guard laid nebulous plans, and the ship moved on toward the coast of France.

Aunt Emmeline rarely rushed the gods. Rather, with her mind held in a state of flux, she awaited their portents. Circumstances were permitted to shape the event. The victim, left to himself, generally could be counted upon to point the way to his own end. He prepared his own heaven or hell. Aunt Emmeline merely delivered the crucial push. So, in this instance, she made no effort to solve the mystery of the "who" or the "why" of her outrageous young neighbor, believing that in due course of time he would disclose himself. He did —at three o'clock on Friday morning. There came a pounding at Aunt Emmeline's door. She switched on the light and crawled into a padded silk bathrobe of coral and gold. Fortified with her lorgnettes, she opened the door. There in the corridor stood a sulky steward leaning on a baggage-truck. Aunt Emmeline stared. Bellicose on the truck sprawled a Bacchic figure. Clothes rumpled, a smear of blood across the bulging shirt, it hailed her.

"Hello, Aunt Emmeline!"

The steward, scandalized, broke into speech:

"Sorry, lady. 'E said as 'ow this 'ere was the cabin 'e was 'eaded for. Raised 'ell, 'e did, up there. Said 'e was nothin' but a bit of luggage. An' 'e was to be wheeled down on the truck. Couldn't tell him nothin' different. On the truck 'e was comin'. An 'e come! Said as 'ow this 'ere was the cabin."

"And it is, steward." The rumpled head reared itself upright. "It is. I've come to talk with Aunt Emmeline. Something important to tell her. Very important. Leave us, steward, leave us." He waved a languid hand.

"Not me," said the steward, and braced himself against the truck.

Aunt Emmeline had a swift vision of herself, a Chisholm, in a coral-and-gold dressing-gown, presiding over a brawl at three o'clock in the morning, with heads popping out of every cabin within ear-shot. She capitulated.

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"Steward, prop him up in the truck against the door-jamb and let him talk. And don't let him fall off."

The rumpled head looked anxious.

"Gently, steward, gently. I mustn't be bumped. If I'm bumped—" He leered.

"Where," said Aunt Emmeline, "did you lose your front teeth?"

"Didn't lose 'em. Took 'em out. Had a fight with a johnny in the smoker. British colonel, swanking about the war. I'm a pacifist. Damn poor taste talk war to a pacifist. I said: 'Damn you, I'm a pacifist. I'll show you.' And I lammed him one. They're picking his bones out of the scuppers. But I always take my teeth out first. Never lose 'em. See!"

And he held out in the palm of his hand two glistening white teeth, clamped on to a wire.

"Then," said Aunt Emmeline, "put them back in quickly. I will not be mumbled at."

There was a gulp and a click.

"Now go on. What do you want to tell me? And who are you, to begin with?"

"George. Just George, to my friends. Came to tell you about the Witherspoon murder. 'Fraid you might brood about it. Don't want you to brood. Dorothy did it. I know all about it."

"Yes? You've had a cable, perhaps?"

"Don't laugh at me. Can't bear to be laughed at. It's very serious. I know all about it. You see, it's this way. Dorothy did it. Sweet little thing; charmin' child; just like Tony. You know Tony? I'm married to Tony; still am. Until next week, when God doth put asunder. In Paris."

"Blasphemous," murmured Aunt Emmeline.

"What? Yes, isn't it? Just like Tony. Lois Anne ever tell you 'bout her? Red hair. It curls right over the ear. Nicest curl. She's a little devil. Like to murder me; just like old Witherspoon. Poison me if she could. Charmin' child, but poison me if she dared. Tha's the way they are. So much cream when they first come in the door. Sweet cream. But leave 'em stand awhile in the home and they sure go sour on you. Love 'em and leave 'em, Aunt Emmeline. Tha's what I came to say. Steward!"

The sulky one came to with a jerk, and tightened his grip on the handles of the truck.

"Sir?"

"Steward, roll me out!"

"Yes, sir."

"And, steward!"

"Sir?"

"Gently, steward, I mustn't be bumped."

"No, sir."

As they negotiated the corner, George waved a languid hand in farewell.

"I'm just a piece of luggage. Used to be Tony's. But I'm all out of style now. Wrong shape, wrong size, all wrong. Just Tony's old luggage, on my way."

For fully five minutes Aunt Emmeline remained inert. Then she rummaged for her fountain pen and began a letter to Lois Anne:

"Tony's lamb has just been in to see me. God seems not to have tempered the wind to him. I begin to take an interest in that young man's future and I have a proposition that I think I shall put to him to-morrow."

It was George who gave her the opportunity. He sat beside her on the deck, swathed in rugs, fumbling with a cup of beef bouillon which he had absentmindedly accepted from the steward. It was, Aunt Emmeline surmised, an unaccustomed beverage for him.

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"I'm afraid," he said, "I made a bit of an ass of myself last night. Don't remember much about it, but what I do recall seems oddish."

"Not at all," murmured Aunt Emmeline. "We all have our troubles."

George saw the loophole and plunged for it.

"You, too?"

"Yes. I have a niece at the Sorbonne."

George put down his cup.

"Oh, I say, that is pretty bad. Higher education in the female young is hard to bear, isn't it?"

"You've noticed that?"

"Lord, yes. Takes the curl out of the hair. And tightens the mouth."

"Um—" Aunt Emmeline appeared to muse uncertainly upon this. "Do you," she said at length with seeming irrelevance, "do you care for old Burgundy and the wines of the Moselle?" Wherewith she put her proposition. And George accepted. He was entirely truthful when he said he would be delighted to be her guest in the Faubourg St. Germain. He was even a little touched.

"There are times when you will find it less lonely, I think," said Aunt Emmeline graciously, "and, of course, you are to go and come as you please. We all do. And as for my cousin, there is no doubt you will adore her. I never saw the man who didn't. She married into the haute noblesse—a cadet branch. The count is the salt of the earth. A little wicked. You will find him, as they say, 'fort agréable.'"

George was sure that he would; along with the wines of the Moselle and the old Burgundy. Surprising old customer, Aunt Emmeline. One of the best. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes"—why didn't that line occur to George? Well, Tony's lamb was never much of a scholar. Aunt Emmeline put the final attraction.

"You won't be bothered with my niece. She has her own interests. They wouldn't be yours. And I'll see that you're protected."

George laughed.

"I wouldn't be much use to the Sorbonne, I'm afraid. I'm even too dumb for Tony. And I'm through with the devils, besides. On my way to bar. Have a little nip to see us through?"

"I don't know," said Aunt Emmeline, "but what I will."

Cherbourg. Aunt Emmeline and George stood in line, awaiting the tender. George's hand had come out of his trousers' pocket for what he fervently hoped was the last time on this blood-sucking ship. Lord, did one ever see so many stewards, pursers' boys, barbers, flunkies of one sort or another? Shylocks all. A hand plucked at his sleeve, a voice chirruped in his ear:

"Sorry, sir, but haven't you forgotten the band?"

"The band?" George wheeled and glared down at a mousy man carrying a saxophone. "The band? Lord, I'll never forget that band!"

"Sorry, sir, but I think you have forgotten it. It's waiting." And George beheld it in its glory—gold braid; each wudgy hand clasping its instrument; each face expectant.

"Last night, sir," ventured the mousy one, "after we played 'Good Night, Ladies,' you told us to go on playing. You were dancing—with an elderly lady—said you didn't see why you should stop. In fact, sir, you hired us for the rest of the night."

George was indignant. There were titters.

"Why bring that up? Rotten ingrati-

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tude. You ought to thank me. God, how that band needs practice!"

Aunt Emmeline's eyebrows were mounting in a frozen face. George's hand went into his pocket and came out again, bulging.

The tender bumped.

"Aunt Emmeline!"

George looked down into an upturned young face. Chic hat, slanted over one eye; a nose tilted ever so slightly; a mouth curved for delight. George stared and the strength went out of his knees.

"Is t-that," he stammered, "t-that the Sorbonne? That face? Her name isn't by any chance Helen?"

"It's Elspeth," said Aunt Emmeline, "and she's only launched a tender." But there was more in the nature of Aunt Emmeline's smile than met the innocent eye of George. Still in line, they moved down and onto the tender. The band wedged itself against the railing of the promenade-deck. It had had time to examine its payment. The tender pushed off. The saxophone blared out "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

"Boom, boom!" went the drum.

Thus accompanied, Tony's lamb went to his fate, toward the Faubourg St. Germain, where the gates of Aunt Emmeline's guile closed upon him.

The closets of numéro quarante, Faubourg St. Germain, gave up their skeletons slowly, and piecemeal, as it were, a finger here, a leg there. The scattered bones, gathered together, collected in this order:

LETTER FROM GEORGE MAURAN TO JOHN HOUSER

Dear Jack:

Whatever the fool book on Bridge is, that you swear by, send it to me, will you? Pronto. And I'd like some sort of a short cut to the classics. Elbert Hubbard's "Scrap Book," or something like that. Make it as painless as you can. But make it quick. Rush the stuff over.

Yours in extremis,

GEORGE.

CABLE FROM EMMELINE CHISHOLM TO HENRY CHISHOLM

"Deposit another thousand to my account at the Banker's Trust, Place Vendome.—Emmeline."

LETTER FROM TONY MAURAN TO LOIS ANNE HOUGHTON

Lois Anne Darlin:

For what I think of your Aunt Emmeline, my soul will rot in hell. I was at Ciro's last night with Uncle Jimmy. Yes, at Ciro's with an uncle. Did you ever hear of anything so bourgeoise? I could have died of it. I tried to make him go some place else, but with the putrid idea in his fat head that he was doing something extra nice for me, he insisted on Ciro's. So I had to play up my prettiest, and not let him see that my vitals were being gnawed on. Well, while my life-blood was draining away, I looked up and there, two tables away, I saw George. In a party. The host was that count that some relative of yours married. I'll say he has a cloven hoof, the old pet. But the real person who engineered that party was your Aunt Emmeline. Uh, huh! If she ever gets a box of gum-drops from me, she'd better not eat 'em. Right down next to George she'd plunked, of all people, Elspeth. Now, you know Elspeth. So do I. Is she easy to look at! Well, is she! You should have seen George. Gone, poor lamb. Just ready to drool. What he doesn't know is that she isn't what she looks like. Tempts the eye all right. But talk about Dead Sea fruit! Just let him take a bite out of her and he'll be spitting ashes

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for the rest of his life. And that's not fair to George. If he didn't like me, that's his own fault. He knew what he was getting. I've got red hair. And it isn't just a henna rinse, either. He knew that when he married me. Then once he got me, he wanted me to act like an albino. That's what husbands do to you. Think they can put a ring on your finger and, presto-change, they've worked a miracle. You're not you, you're some one else. They say they don't believe in Jonah and the whale, or that old yarn about the loaves and the fishes, but they think they can stand on the hearth-rug and roll up their sleeves and say: "Now let me show you this one!"

Well, George slipped up on me, but that's no reason he should be punished with Elspeth. I'm not that vindictive. Maybe I made him miserable, but I guess I earned the right to. What's she ever done to earn it? Poor old George, I could cry. And, anyway, I'm furious. If I couldn't have a happy marriage, I might at least have a happy divorce!

TONY.

CABLE FROM GEORGE MAURAN TO JOHN HOUSER

"Rush that Elbert Hubbard. Rush it! —George."

CONVERSATION BETWEEN GEORGE AND HIMSELF WALKING DOWN THE RUE DE RIVOLI

"George, old fool, will you never learn? Pretty? I'll say she is! And a hell of a lot of good it'll do you. They all turn sour on you if you give 'em time. You're not the sort that has any luck, old son. Elspeth, sour and full of brains in the home! Can't you let that thought save you? Lord, man, be your age! She'll be worse than Tony. Tony's a little devil, but Elspeth will educate you. Oh, yes, she'll learn you, you poor ignorant moron. Uh, huh! like the advertisement of the guy riding home in the limousine: 'George, I was so mortified tonight. You sat like a dummy all through dinner, and when the professor from Harvard asked you what you thought of the recent theories on the pterodinophalangus, you just said, "Huh?" with your mouth full of lettuce.'

"And all the way home you'll learn what a pterodinophalangus is, and what his papa was, and his poor deluded mama. And you'll learn it from a bit of a thing with eyes that would melt a stone wall, and a nose that's Heaven's delight, and with a mouth that Cleopatra wouldn't have had to use an asp on herself if she'd had. And I dare say it'll be worth it to you. As he gets on, a man usually goes deaf before he goes blind. But, George, you ass, Elbert Hubbard's 'Scrap Book' isn't going to see you through. Not with Elspeth, it isn't. You'll have to go deeper, old son. Remember that dimple, the unexpected, alluring little thing, and give yourself up to learning. Give until it hurts. And, God, how it does hurt!

"And won't Tony give you the laugh! Wait till you meet her at somebody's dinner and she hears you trying to talk like an encyclopædia. To be laughed at by Tony! Oh, Lord, not that! I'm a worthless hulk and I've made a mess of things. But not that! Oh, Lord, save me from Tony! Oh, Lord— Hey, what the devil! 'Hey, you, cabby, your damned horse bit me. I say he bit me. Votre cheval, oui, il a bitten, bitten, you fool, le arm de moi.' Can you beat it? Bitten in the Rue de Rivoli. By the only horse in Paris. If you call it a horse. 'Hey, cabby, call him off. Votre cheval. Call him off.' I quit. George, you go on home and pick yourself a daisy. Loves me, loves me not; loves me, loves me

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not. You're not fit to be loose in the big city—where there's a horse around."

CABLE FROM ELSPETH CHISHOLM TO LOIS ANNE HOUGHTON

"Please cancel my registration at Radcliffe for post-graduate course.—Elspeth."

"She's got him," groaned Lois Anne; "that means she's got him; with Tony not even dead yet, matrimonially speaking."

LETTER FROM EMMELINE CHISHOLM TO LOIS ANNE HOUGHTON

Dear Lois Anne:

We're sailing on the *Berengaria*. I shall drop Elspeth down-town at your uncle Henry's office. I hope you haven't confided to him what you think of his daughter, but I expect he knows. Don't bother to meet me.

AUNT EMMELINE.

Lois Anne did not bother to meet her. At the house, she received her with courtesy, but not with exuberance. But Aunt Emmeline proved impervious to chill. Lugging a large square box, she followed Lois Anne in to her room.

"Antiques," she explained, tugging at the string.

"Is that," asked Lois Anne, "what you cabled Uncle Henry for the extra thousand for?"

"No, I gave Elspeth a party at Ciro's. And then for a week, at bridge, she bled every one through the nose. I was a glutton for punishment," added Aunt Emmeline. "No, George gave me these. I think he was really grateful."

"And pretty soon he's going to wish he was dead."

Aunt Emmeline snapped the string of the box.

"Lois Anne, remember you're one of the higher vertebrates. Because you haven't experienced a situation doesn't mean you can't understand it. She's a charming child. And she has more brains than I had supposed."

"Brains," cried Lois Anne. "Who ever supposed Elspeth didn't have brains! Don't I know 'em? Haven't I heard enough about those brains? And now you've gone and grafted them on to George! Well, they won't grow on him. Not if I know George!"

"Yes? Well, perhaps not. He and Tony want to give Elspeth her first ball this winter. She'll make her début here, of course. Do you think chrysanthemums or roses will look better?"

The silence bridged the distance between two generations; the longest gang-plank in the world. Lois Anne tore down it to Aunt Emmeline.

"You old devil; you old darling. You gave 'em a course of Elspeth! Golly, I bet they're wrecks. But doesn't your black heart hurt you? Poor Elspeth!"

"Poor Elspeth, nothing!" said Aunt Emmeline with considerable vigor. "She's as pretty as they come and she's learned her lesson; learned it away from home with no 'I-told-you-so' friends to see how it hurt. She'll be a very successful débutante. Whenever she sees a man, she'll always remember to know a little bit less than he does about everything. She's sitting pretty for life. And now, tell me, what do you think about my antiques?"

And Aunt Emmeline pulled from the box two pinch-backed whiskey bottles.

"George," she said, "is without a sorrow to drown—temporarily. So he gave me these, in memory. You have them wired for electricity and use them for bed-table lights. There is quite a vogue for them. Should you prefer chintz shades or parchment?"

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"Chintz. Here's a card fell out of them."

Aunt Emmeline raised her lorgnettes and read:

"I say, Aunt Emmeline, who do you think did murder old Witherspoon? It was not Dorothy. As you said, she's a charming child. Like Tony."

Old Countryside

By Louise Bogan

Beyond the hour we counted rain that fell
On the slant shutter, all has come to proof.
The summer thunder, like a wooden bell,
Rang in the storm above the mansard roof,

And mirrors cast the cloudy day along
The attic floor; wind made the clapboards creak.
You braced against the wall to make it strong,
A shell against your cheek.

Long since, we pulled brown oak-leaves to the ground
In a winter of dry trees; we heard the cock
Shout its unplaceable cry,—the axe's sound
Delay a moment after the axe's stroke.

Far back, we saw, in the stillest of the year
The scrawled vine shudder, and the rose branch show
Red to the thorns, and, sharp as sight can bear,
The thin hound's body arched against the snow.

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The Painter's Craft

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

In the philosophizing of art it is the imponderables that prevail. That artist is unprofitable for consideration who does not have anything to say out of his mind or imagination. Technique, we are told, is "only a means to an end," and that is the expression of an emotion, an idea, a vision of things, peculiar to the individual using the brush. When we proceed from the examination of an individual's work to that of a school the elements of a whole civilization are seen, even more vividly, to come into play. Behind the painting of the Italian Renaissance there lie endless complexities of the Christian religion and of pagan myth. The realism of the Low Countries has roots going down into the nature of a people. I never dip into the adorable art of eighteenth-century France without a zestful consciousness of the social movement by which it was so decisively formed and colored. In short, the approach to art means the invasion of many provinces and their very diversity may be posited as one of the commonplaces of study. Nevertheless, before the imperious claims of spiritual things, there is often danger of our relegating to too subordinate a place in the perspective a motive that is really of prime importance.

We dislocate by a shade the significance of the painter's craft and miss its true relation to our problem. Technique, in the familiar phrase which I have just quoted, is designated "only a means to an end." It is the "only" to which I would take exception. A word was never more fallaciously employed. Technique is far more than a means to an end. It is part and parcel of an artist's affirmation of himself and, indeed, constitutes the thumb-print by which he is ultimately known of mankind, an achievement in which he specifically exults. The man who has mastered his craft has done so, it is true, by giving attention to processes that can be measured and weighed. A craft, says the lexicographer, is an occupation or employment, "especially calling for manual dexterity." But who shall say where the manual dexterity leaves off and the mysterious alchemy of that intensely personal thing, "touch," begins? The inevitable commentary on that query is simpler than it seems. The ponderables and the imponderables in this matter are inextricably fused. To grasp the former is to lay hold of an infallible key to the latter. In other words, the painter's craft, allied as it is to "manual dexterity," is first and last an index to the painter's artistic character.

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It has, incidentally, an integrity of its own, which is one reason why it seems to me worth while to talk about it at the present time. Certain latter-day movements in painting have nominally concerned themselves with principles supposed to make for better painting. The young artist moved by observation of Cézanne, for example, worries over ideas of volume and the organization of color

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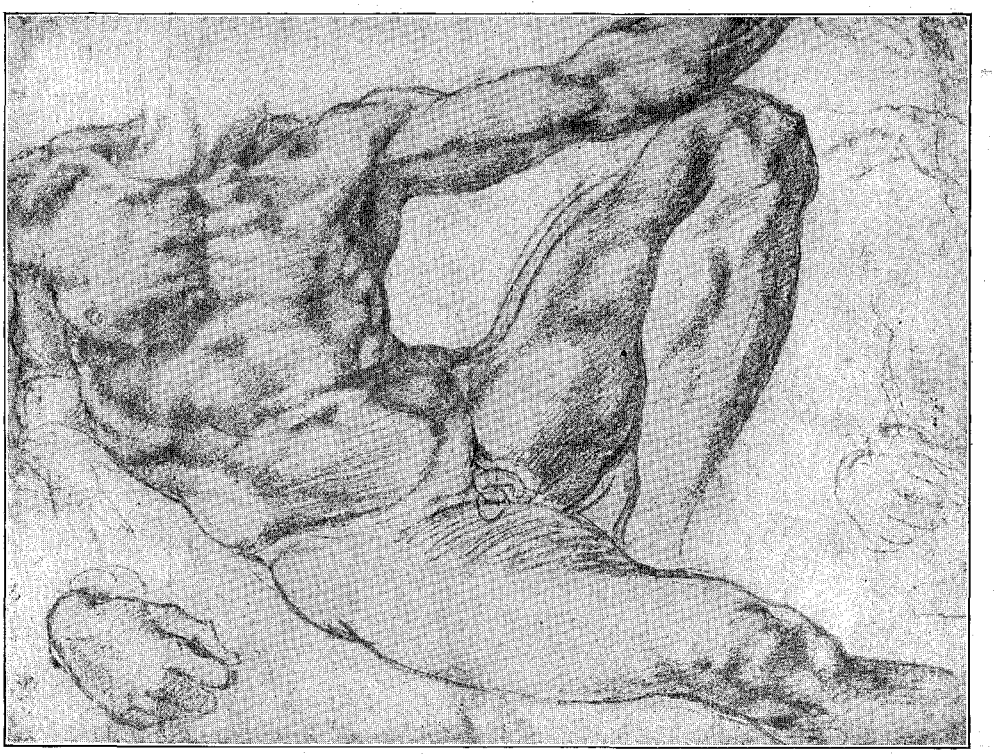
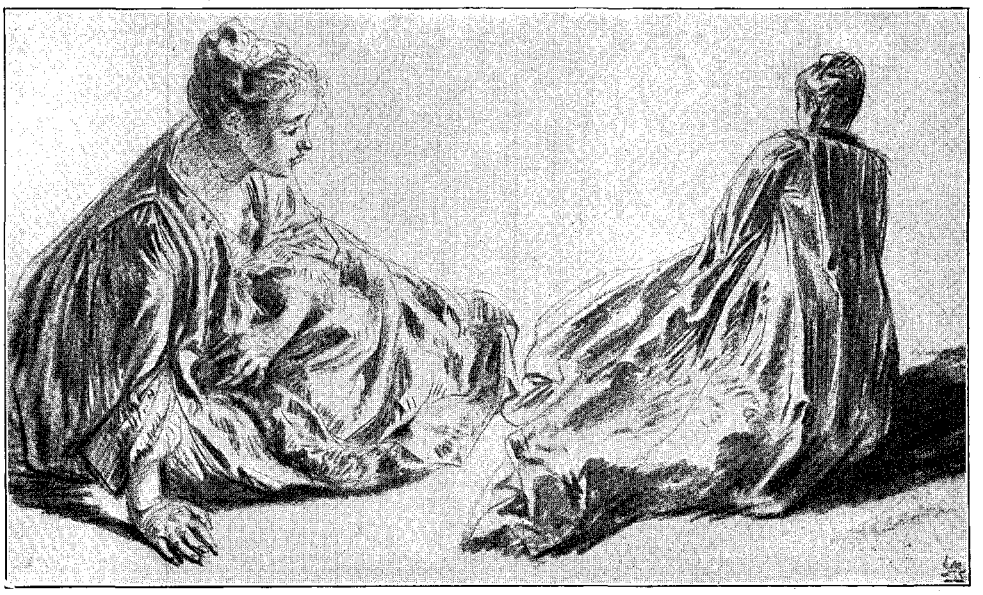


Study for the Figure of Adam on the Sistine Ceiling.

From the drawing by Michael Angelo in the British Museum.



Two Figures.

From the drawing by Watteau.

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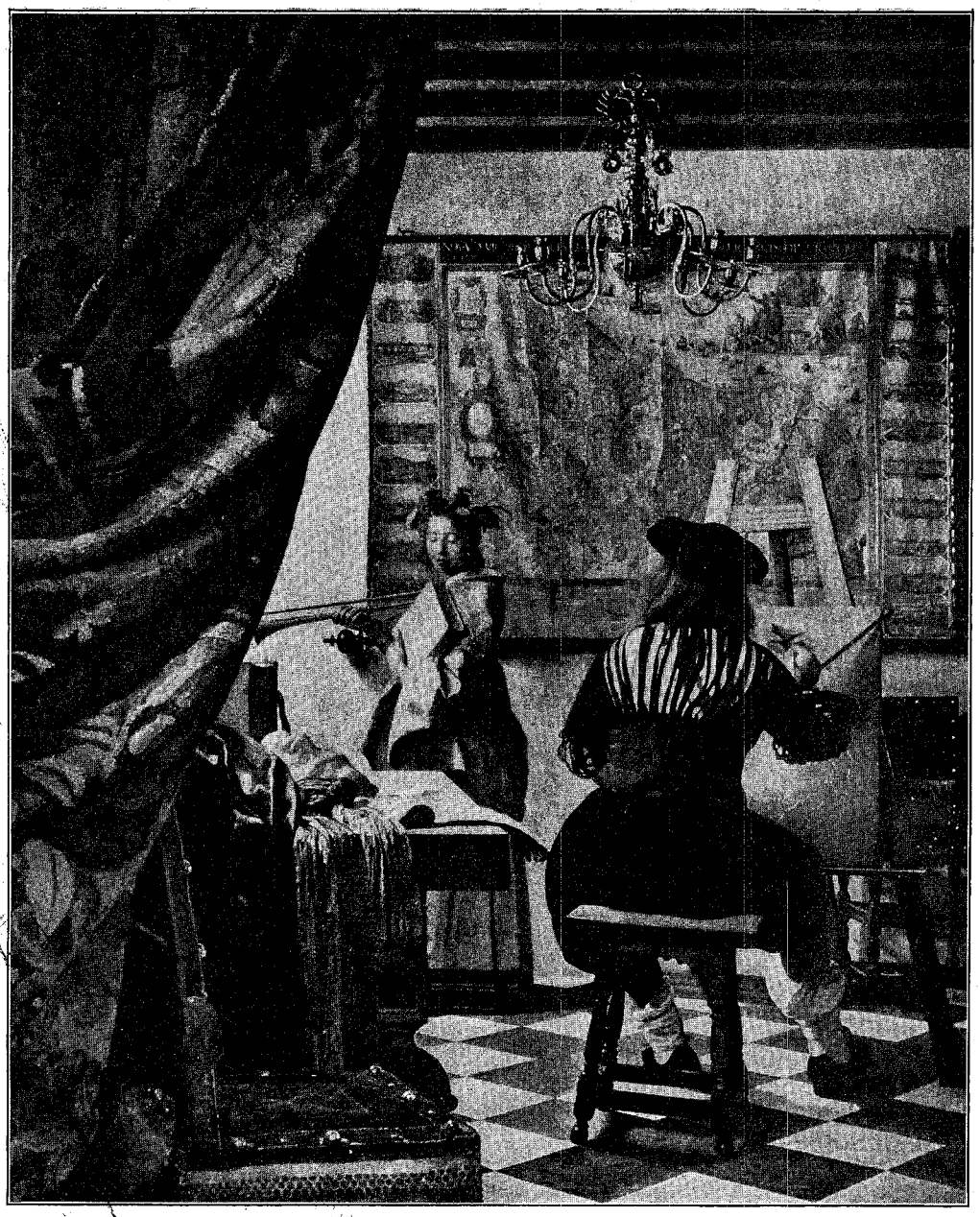

The Atelier of the Artist.

From the painting by Vermeer at Vienna.

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which he believes will give him a good landscape. But in his absorption he neglects to practise the drawing of tree and cloud forms until he has mastered it. Roughly speaking, the things which are implied in the word "technique" have gone into eclipse. The "self-expression" that we hear so much about frequently loses half the battle through its contentment with sloppy drawing, muddy color, and haphazard design. The drollest note in the ensuing confusion is that struck in the assumption that protest against such shortcomings is "academic." Was Degas, who stemmed from Ingres and believed to the depths of his soul in a disciplined technique—was Degas academic? For that matter, in crises like these, even an Academician may be helpful.

I must borrow from the memoirs of the distinguished American mural painter, Edward Simmons, an episode of his pupilage which is pertinent here. Before he went abroad he was warned by Frederic Crowninshield against the *chic* with which he was gifted, a possible resource in the future but dangerous in his youth. Simmons brought it to the front, however, the moment he entered Julian's, and painted for his first work a head which caused old Boulanger to say: "If you go on this way, you might as well go home and make shoes." When, afterward, the young American went to him in tears, admitting his fault and begging to be guided, the master set him to making outline drawings! He was at it for months before Boulanger deigned to notice him again. When he did so it was with cordial approval and Simmons says: "I switched from being a loafer and *chiquer* from that moment, and realized that only by eight hours' daily work and hard digging could I become a painter. The next week there was a prize offered of a hundred francs for the best drawing—and I won it." All through the sterling work which he came home to do thereafter there runs his feeling for that early discipline, the same discipline that Ingres used to enforce upon his disciples: "Draw purely, but with largeness. Purity and largeness, *voilà le dessin, voilà l'art.*"

I use the word "discipline"; yet what I am really thinking of is not so much labor as delight, not so much obedience to admonition as an instinctive passion for technical excellence. There is a passage in Vasari that I love for its illustration of this sacred ardor in the pursuit of a craft. I have quoted it in this place before, but it cannot be read too often. He is speaking of the transition from tempera to the modern method, of the abandonment in Flanders of the old egg medium for that of linseed-oil, and, telling how Antonello da Messina brought the good news into Italy, he says:

> This manner of painting kindles the pigments and nothing else is needed save diligence and devotion, because the oil in itself softens and sweetens the colors and renders them the more delicate and more easily blended than do the other mediums. While the work is wet the colors readily mix and unite one with the other; in short, by this method the artists impart wonderful grace and vivacity and vigor to their figures, so much so that these often seem to us in relief and ready to issue forth from the panel, especially when they are carried out in good drawing, with invention and a beautiful style.

With what gusto does he commemorate the great event! And how naturally does he associate what I have called the ponderables and the imponderables, the tangible action of the oil and the things that spring from an artist's inner being, such as "devotion," or "invention and a beautiful style." For Vasari there was no dividing line between technique and in-

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spiration; they were interdependent and both involved the very essences of individuality. I like to imagine, too, the stir in the Venetian studios when Antonello got back from the land of the Van Eycks and rumors of the process he had been studying spread abroad. One can sense the enthusiasm that must have awakened amongst his fellows, the thrill with which each man realized that a new string had been added to his bow. I feel, moreover, that there must have been something warm, genial, something of the spirit, in that thrill. Wherever you go in the cosmos of true painters you find a peculiar sensitiveness, a peculiar *flair,* a peculiar *affection,* in matters of technique.

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There is a profound eloquence in the observations of Renoir on his mystery: "It is not enough for a painter to be a clever craftsman; he must love to 'caress' his canvas, too. That's what was lacking in Van Gogh. 'What a wonderful painter!' people say. But his canvases do not show the light, tender touch of the brush." Renoir knew that craftsmanship was not a matter of manual dexterity alone, but a matter of the spirit. "Also," he says, "there must be a certain something that the professors can't give you —finesse, charm, perhaps—that can't be taught." For technique is more even than the thumb-print which I have called it; it is the breath of the painter's nostrils, it is the grain and texture of his soul, flinging itself upon canvas with the revelatory force of a gesture. Renoir's response to the genius of "painter's painting" is delightfully perceptible in what he says of one great exemplar of it, the famous Vermeer at Vienna. "I would love to have seen that," he wistfully exclaims. "All my life I have dreamed of going there . . . like Athens." To him a masterpiece of "caressed" paint had the appeal of some gleaming gem in a classic shrine. Your born technician is sometimes, like Rubens or Hals, a rather robustious figure, but he only expresses in more ebullient terms the enthusiasm which I have in mind and which with Renoir calls up thoughts of tenderness. In the case of Whistler, of course, who was all compact of taste, the drift is toward nothing if not exquisiteness, toward that pitch of refinement which is flower-like in its connotation of beauty. Witness his words to those students of his who were indifferent to the state of a palette. "My friends," he would say to them, "have you noticed the way in which a musician cares for his violin? —how beautiful it is? how well kept? how tenderly handled? Your palette is your instrument; its colors your notes, and upon it you play your symphonies!" Only an artist who belonged to the aristocracy of technicians could have developed that fairly lovely thought.

Alfred Stevens, his brilliant Franco-Belgian contemporary, is full of the same solicitude for craftsmanship and all that it implies. Let me cite a few of the epigrams from his "Impressions sur la Peinture," a book which should be the breviary of every young artist:

On n'est un grand peintre qu'à la condition d'être un maître ouvrier.

L'exécution est le style du peintre.

Dans l'art de la peinture, il faut être peintre avant tout: le penseur ne vient qu'après.

L'exécution d'une belle peinture est agréable au toucher.

Les Flamands et les Hollandais sont les premiers peintres du monde.

Why did he utter that last sweeping statement if it was not because he was thinking that the Flemings and the Dutch were, above all else, consummate technicians? The professional painter

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agrees with him, but many laymen, I fear, remain a trifle bewildered, and this is as unnecessary as it is unfortunate.

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Technique, for some curious reason, forms a grave stumbling-block to thousands who are keen upon appreciation of the masters and long to come to closer understanding with them. Such students begin with a modest dubiety. They know nothing about the production of a picture and so assume that they carry a permanent handicap. Their trepidations are largely illusory. They admire a painting because it is well done. Why not analyze the source of their pleasure? Why not grasp the fact that painting is, among other things, a craft, and, realizing that many of its phenomena lie upon the surface, proceed to isolate and identify what has all along been delighting them? Their task will be the lighter if they will recognize that every great artist gravitates more or less to a specific phase of technique and excels so emphatically in the cultivation of that that *his* thumbprint is immediately decipherable. To change the figure, consider the technique of the painter as a language, divisible into various idioms, as we may call them, such as line, form, color, design, and so on. There is a fascination by itself in tracing one of these idioms through its infinite mutations. Observe, for instance, what has been done with line pure and simple in the history of art—its development in Chinese portraiture and landscape, in Greek vase-painting, in the profiles drawn by Florentine and Venetian Primitives, and thence onward through an interminable succession of individualities. Follow line through the rhythmic subtleties of Botticelli, the antique severities of Mantegna, the volcanic power of Michael Angelo. Follow it through the works of masters in the North like Dürer and Holbein, Rubens and Rembrandt, and then, on the teeming artistic soil of modern France, in the drawings of such diverse figures as Ingres, Daumier, Millet, Degas, and Forain. There is, indeed, no limit to the quest, nor is it soon exhausted where any of the idioms are concerned. Form, in its turn, will yield as glorious a company, from the static figures of a Perugino to the quick, naturalistic types of our own day, and so in respect to color, composition, and the sheer virtuosity of the brush the student may segregate those pictures which through their manifestation of a ruling motive throw into a clearer light the operation of this or that order of technical power in the entire world of art.

For I do not suggest, of course, that the "ruling motive" excludes idioms other than the one which the given artist often places in the foreground. Sometimes, no doubt, he does so unduly, as Ingres did when he made his draughtsmanship so superior to his color. The great germinal types are masters of all the idioms, balanced in a perfect equilibrium. Velasquez, say, is draughtsman, colorist, brushman, and composer all in one—and an incomparable analyst of character into the bargain. But if the student will concentrate his attention upon the outstanding masters of the different idioms he will little by little make himself free of those idioms, come to relish each one for its own sake, and in the long run apprehend their functioning anywhere, separately or together. All that he needs to do is intelligently to interrogate the picture at which he is looking, to reflect on the nature of the appeal that it makes to him, whether of line or form or what-not. This will make technique more interesting to him and more tangible, more luminous. In a measure it will

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make technique a little more mysterious, too, but only in so far as he realizes the point on which I have sought to dwell, that technique is a spiritual affair, besides being a mechanical habit, that it is bound up with what is most characteristic of an artist's essential purpose, that its vitalizing origins strike down far into the deeps of personality. "Only" a means to an end? Can the brush-stroke that transmits an artist's mood to canvas, that records his feeling for one angle of vision rather than another, that is responsive to the pressure of his emotional, imaginative, and nervous state, be divorced from relation to everything in him save a certain "manual dexterity"? On the contrary, as Stevens says, *L'exécution est le style du peintre,* and, as was remarked long ago, the style is the man.

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I write in praise of technique because I have loved it ever since I began to look at pictures and because I believe good workmanship to be the very life-blood of art. I know that it can be transformed into a peril—when it is exercised in a vacuum. Turning again to the inexhaustible Alfred Stevens, we will find this priceless maxim: *Le cerveau ne doit pas se laisser dominer par la dextérité de la main.* I have learned the truth of this from looking on at memorable transactions in our own school. It was our salvation that American artists flocked to Paris in the '70s and later, but it was not all gain that we acquired there. Some of those travellers, like Simmons, came back fitted to execute monumental designs. Others returned whose sole qualification it was to turn out one clever *morceau* after another. They learned a trick of the wrist and nothing more. No, without brain-stuff technique is but Dead Sea fruit. Stevens gives me one last nugget of apposite wisdom: *Il ne faut pas confondre virtuose avec ficeleur.* The trickster will never match the authentic virtuoso. *Chic* will never take the place of hard work, of that I am certain. And I am certain, on the other hand, that he who once grasps the central principle of technique is started upon the path at the end of which almost anything is possible. I would exalt the painter's craft as a thing in itself right and fine, in itself potent, humanized, vibrant with every conceivable impulse. It is a means to an end, but it partakes of the glory of the end—for without it the end forever recedes. It is instinct with all that a man brings to the making of his picture. It is an inalienable part of an organic unity. It is the other side of a golden medal.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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A Farewell to Arms

(Continued from page 181 of this number.)

middle of the next day. The rain had stopped and the town was nearly empty. As we came up the street they were loading the girls from the soldiers' ——house into a truck. There were seven girls and they had on their hats and coats and carried small suitcases. Two of them were crying. Of the others one smiled at us and put out her tongue and fluttered it up and down. She had thick full lips and black eyes.

I stopped the car and went over and spoke to the matron. The girls from the officers' house had left early that morning, she said. Where were they going? To Conegliano, she said. The truck started. The girl with thick lips put out her tongue again at us. The matron waved. The two girls kept on crying. The others looked interestedly out at the town. I got back in the car.

"We ought to go with them," Bonello said. "That would be a good trip."

"We'll have a good trip," I said.

"We'll have a hell of a trip."

"That's what I mean," I said. We came up the drive to the villa.

"I'd like to be there when some of those tough babies climb in and try and hop them."

"You think they will?"

"Sure. Everybody in the Second Army knows that matron."

We were outside the villa.

"They call her the Mother Superior," Bonello said. "The girls are new but everybody knows her. They must have brought them up just before the retreat."

"They'll have a time."

"I'll say they'll have a time. I'd like to have a crack at them for nothing. They charge too much at that house anyway. The government gyps us."

"Take the car out and have the mechanics go over it," I said. "Change the oil and check the differential. Fill it up and then get some sleep."

"Yes Signor Tenente."

The villa was empty. Rinaldi was gone with the hospital. The major was gone taking hospital personnel in the staff car. There was a note on the window for me to fill the cars with the material piled in the hall and to proceed to Pordenone. The mechanics were gone already. I went out back to the garage. The other two cars came in while I was there and their drivers got down. It was starting to rain again.

"I'm so —— sleepy I went to sleep three times coming here from Plava," Piani said. "What are we going to do Tenente?"

"We'll change the oil, grease them, fill them up, then take them around in front and load up the junk they've left."

"Then do we start?"

"No, we'll sleep for three hours."

"Christ I'm glad to sleep," Bonello said. "I couldn't keep awake driving."

"How's your car Aymo?" I asked.

"It's all right."

"Get me a monkey suit and I'll help you with the oil."

"Don't you do that Tenente," Aymo said. "It's nothing to do. You go and pack your things."

"My things are all packed," I said. "I'll go and carry out the stuff that they left for us. Bring the cars around as soon as they're ready."

They brought the cars around to the front of the villa and we loaded them with the hospital equipment which was piled in the hallway. When it was all in, the three cars stood in line down the driveway under the trees in the rain. We went inside.

"Make a fire in the kitchen and dry your things," I said.

"I don't care about dry clothes," Piani said. "I want to sleep."

"I'm going to sleep on the major's bed," Bonello said. "I'm going to sleep where the old man corks off."

"I don't care where I sleep," Piani said.

"There are two beds in here," I opened the door.

"I never knew what was in that room," Bonello said.

"That was old fish face's room," Piani said.

"You two sleep in there," I said. "I'll wake you."

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"The Austrians will wake us if you sleep too long Tenente," Bonello said.

"I won't oversleep," I said. "Where's Aymo?"

"He went out in the kitchen."

"Get to sleep," I said.

"I'll sleep," Piani said. "I've been asleep sitting up all day. The whole top of my head kept coming down over my eyes."

"Take your boots off," Bonello said. "That's old fish face's bed."

"Fish face is nothing to me." Piani lay on the bed, his muddy boots straight out, his head on his arm. I went out to the kitchen. Aymo had a fire in the stove and a kettle of water on.

"I thought I'd start some *pasta asciuta,*" he said. "We'll be hungry when we wake up."

"Aren't you sleepy Bartolomeo?"

"Not so sleepy. When the water boils I'll leave it. The fire will go down."

"You'd better get some sleep," I said. "We can eat cheese and monkey meat."

"This is better," he said. "Something hot will be good for those two anarchists. You go to sleep Tenente."

"There's a bed in the major's room."

"You sleep there."

"No I'm going up to my old room. Do you want a drink Bartolomeo?"

"When we go, Tenente. Now it wouldn't do me any good."

"If you wake in three hours and I haven't called you, wake me, will you?"

"I haven't any watch Tenente."

"There's a clock on the wall in the major's room."

"All right."

I went out then through the dining-room and the hall and up the marble stairs to the room where I had lived with Rinaldi. It was raining outside. I went to the window and looked out. It was getting dark and I saw the three cars standing in line under the trees. The trees were dripping in the rain. It was cold and the drops hung to the branches. I went back to Rinaldi's bed and lay down and let sleep take me.

We ate in the kitchen before we started. Aymo had a basin of spaghetti with onions and tinned meat chopped up in it. We sat around the table and drank two bottles of the wine that had been left in the cellar of the villa. It was dark outside and still raining. Piani sat at the table very sleepy.

"I like a retreat better than an advance," Bonello said. "On a retreat we drink Barbera."

"We drink it now. To-morrow maybe we drink rain water," Aymo said.

"To-morrow we'll be in Udine. We'll drink champagne. That's where the slackers live. Wake up Piani! We'll drink champagne to-morrow in Udine!"

"I'm awake," Piani said. He filled his plate with the spaghetti and meat. "Couldn't you find tomato sauce Barto?"

"There wasn't any," Aymo said.

"We'll drink champagne in Udine," Bonello said. He filled his glass with the clear red Barbera.

"We may drink —— before Udine," Piani said.

"Have you eaten enough Tenente?" Aymo asked.

"I've got plenty. Give me the bottle Bartolomeo."

"I have a bottle apiece to take in the cars," Aymo said.

"Did you sleep at all?"

"I don't need much sleep. I slept a little."

"To-morrow we'll sleep in the king's bed," Bonello said. He was feeling very good.

"To-morrow maybe we'll sleep in ——," Piani said.

"I'll sleep with the queen," Bonello said. He looked to see how I took the joke.

"You'll sleep with ——," Piani said sleepily.

"That's treason Tenente," Bonello said. "Isn't that treason?"

"Shut up," I said. "You get too funny with a little wine." Outside it was raining hard. I looked at my watch. It was half-past nine.

"It's time to roll," I said and stood up.

"Who are you going to ride with Tenente?" Bonello asked.

"With Aymo. Then you come. Then Piani. We'll start out on the road for Cormons."

"I'm afraid I'll go to sleep," Piani said.

"All right. I'll ride with you. Then Bonello, then Aymo."

"That's the best way," Piani said. "Because I'm so sleepy."

"I'll drive and you sleep awhile."

"No. I can drive just so long as I know somebody will wake me up if I go to sleep."

"I'll wake you up. Put out the lights Barto."

"You might as well leave them," Bonello

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said. "We've got no more use for this place."

"I have a small locker trunk in my room," I said. "Will you help take it down Piani?"

"We'll take it," Piani said. "Come on Aldo." He went off into the hall with Bonello. I heard them going up-stairs.

"This was a fine place," Bartolomeo Aymo said. He put two bottles of wine and half a cheese into his haversack. "There won't be a place like this again. Where will they retreat to Tenente?"

"Beyond the Tagliamento, they say. The hospital and the sector are to be at Pordenone."

"This is a better town than Pordenone."

"I don't know Pordenone," I said. "I've just been through there."

"It's not much of a place," Aymo said.

XXVIII

As we moved out through the town it was empty in the rain and the dark except for columns of troops and guns that were going through the main street. There were many trucks too and some carts going through on other streets and converging on the main road. When we were out past the tanneries onto the main road the troops, the motor-trucks, the horse-drawn carts and the guns were in one wide slow moving column. We moved slowly but steadily in the rain, the radiator cap of our car almost against the tailboard of a truck that was loaded high, the load covered with wet canvas. Then the truck stopped. The whole column was stopped. It started again and we went a little farther, then stopped. I got out and walked ahead, going between the trucks and carts and under the wet necks of the horses. The block was farther ahead. I left the road, crossed the ditch on a footboard and walked along the field beyond the ditch. I could see the stalled column between the trees in the rain as I went forward across from it in the field. I went about a mile. The column did not move, although, on the other side beyond the stalled vehicles I could see the troops moving. I went back to the cars. This block might extend as far as Udine. Piani was asleep over the wheel. I climbed up beside him and went to sleep too. Several hours later I heard the truck ahead of us grinding into gear. I woke Piani and we started, moving a few yards, then stopping, then going on again. It was still raining.

The column stalled again in the night and did not start. I got down and went back to see Aymo and Bonello. Bonello had two sergeants of engineers on the seat of his car with him. They stiffened when I came up.

"They were left to do something to a bridge," Bonello said. "They can't find their unit so I gave them a ride."

"With the Sir Lieutenant's permission."

"With permission," I said.

"The lieutenant is an American," Bonello said. "He'll give anybody a ride."

One of the sergeants smiled. The other asked Bonello if I was an Italian from North or South America.

"He's not an Italian. He's North American English."

The sergeants were polite but did not believe it. I left them and went back to Aymo. He had two girls on the seat with him and was sitting back in the corner and smoking.

"Barto, Barto," I said. He laughed.

"Talk to them Tenente," he said. "I can't understand them. Hey!" he put his hand on the girl's thigh and squeezed it in a friendly way. The girl drew her shawl tight around her and pushed his hand away. "Hey!" he said. "Tell the Tenente your name and what you're doing here."

The girl looked at me fiercely. The other girl kept her eyes down. The girl who looked at me said something in a dialect I could not understand a word of. She was plump and dark and looked about sixteen.

"Sorella?" I asked and pointed at the other girl.

She nodded her head and smiled.

"All right," I said and patted her knee. I felt her stiffen away when I touched her. The sister never looked up. She looked perhaps a year younger. Aymo put his hand on the elder girl's thigh and she pushed it away. He laughed at her.

"Good man," he pointed at himself. "Good man," he pointed at me. "Don't you worry." The girl looked at him fiercely. The pair of them were like two wild birds.

"What does she ride with me for if she doesn't like me?" Aymo asked. "They got right up in the car the minute I motioned to them." He turned to the girl. "Don't worry," he said. "No danger of ——," using the vulgar word. "No place for ——." I could see she understood the word and that was all. Her eyes looked at him very scared. She pull-

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ed the shawl tight. "Car all full," Aymo said. "No danger of ——. No place for ——." Every time he said the word the girl stiffened a little. Then sitting stiffly and looking at him she began to cry. I saw her lips working and then tears came down her plump cheeks. Her sister, not looking up, took her hand and they sat there together. The older one, who had been so fierce, began to sob.

"I guess I scared her," Aymo said. "I didn't mean to scare her."

Bartolomeo brought out his knapsack and cut off two pieces of cheese. "Here," he said. "Stop crying."

The older girl shook her head and still cried, but the younger girl took the cheese and commenced to eat. After a while the younger girl gave her sister the second piece of cheese and they both ate. The older sister still sobbed a little.

"She'll be all right after a while," Aymo said.

An idea came to him "Virgin?" he asked the girl next to him. She nodded her head vigorously. "Virgin too?" he pointed to the sister. Both the girls nodded their heads and the elder said something in dialect.

"That's all right," Bartolomeo said. "That's all right."

Both the girls seemed cheered.

I left them sitting together with Aymo sitting back in the corner and went back to Piani's car. The column of vehicles did not move but the troops kept passing along side. It was still raining hard and I thought some of the stops in the movement of the column might be from cars with wet wiring. More likely they were from horses or men going to sleep. Still traffic could tie up in cities when every one was awake. It was the combination of horse and motor vehicles. They did not help each other any. The peasants' carts did not help much either. Those were a couple of fine girls with Barto. A retreat was no place for two virgins. Real virgins. Probably very religious. If there were no war we would probably all be in bed. In bed I lay me down my head. Bed and board. Stiff as a board in bed. Catherine was in bed now between two sheets, over her and under her. Which side did she sleep on? Maybe she wasn't asleep. Maybe she was lying thinking about me. Blow, blow ye western wind. Well it blew and it wasn't the small rain but the big rain down that rained. It rained all night. You knew it rained down that rained. Look at it. Christ that my love were in my arms and I in my bed again. That my love Catherine. That my sweet love Catherine down might rain. Blow her again to me. Well we were in it. Every one was caught in it and the small rain would not quiet it. "Good night Catherine," I said out loud. "I hope you sleep well. If it's too uncomfortable darling lie on the other side," I said. "I'll get you some cold water. In a little while it will be morning and then it won't be so bad. I'm sorry he makes you so uncomfortable. Try and go to sleep dear sweet."

I was asleep all the time, she said. You've been talking in your sleep. Are you all right?

Are you really there?

Of course I'm here. I wouldn't go away. This doesn't make any difference between us.

You're so lovely and sweet. You wouldn't go away in the night, would you?

Of course I wouldn't go away. I'm always here. I come when ever you want me.

"——," Piani said. "They've started again."

"I was dopey," I said. I looked at my watch. It was three o'clock in the morning. I reached back behind the seat for a bottle of the barbera.

"You talked out loud," Piani said.

"I was having a dream in English," I said.

The rain was slacking and we were moving along. Before daylight we were stalled again and when it was light we were at a little rise in the ground and I saw the road of the retreat stretched out far ahead, everything stationary except for the infantry filtering through. We started to move again but seeing the rate of progress in the daylight, I knew we were going to have to get off that main road some way and go across country if we ever hoped to reach Udine.

In the night many peasants had joined the column from the roads of the country and in the column there were carts loaded with household goods; there were mirrors projecting up between mattresses, and chickens and ducks tied to carts. There was a sewing machine on the cart ahead of us in the rain. They had saved the most valuable things. On some carts the women sat huddled from the rain and others walked beside the carts keeping as close to them as they could. There were dogs now in the column, keeping under the wagons as they moved along. The road was mud-

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dy, the ditches at the side were high with water and beyond the trees that lined the road the fields looked too wet and too soggy to try to cross. I got down from the car and worked up the road a way looking for a place where I could see ahead to find a side road we could take across country. I knew there were many side roads but did not want one that would lead to nothing. I could not remember them because we had always passed them bowling along in the car on the main road and they all looked much alike. Now I knew we must find one if we hoped to get through. No one knew where the Austrians were nor how things were going but I was certain that if the rain should stop and planes come over and get to work on that column that it would be all over. All that was needed was for a few men to leave their trucks or a few horses be killed to tie up completely the movement on the road.

The rain was not falling so heavily now and I thought it might clear. I went ahead along the edge of the road and when there was a small road that led off to the north between two fields with a hedge of trees on both sides, I thought that we had better take it and hurried back to the cars. I told Piani to turn off and went back to tell Bonello and Aymo.

"If it leads nowhere we can turn around and cut back in," I said.

"What about these?" Bonello asked. His two sergeants were beside him on the seat. They were unshaven but still military looking in the early morning.

"They'll be good to push," I said. I went back to Aymo and told him we were going to try it across country.

"What about my virgin family?" Aymo asked. The two girls were asleep.

"They won't be very useful," I said. "You ought to have some one that could push."

"They could go back in the car," Aymo said. "There's room in the car."

"All right if you want them," I said. "Pick up somebody with a wide back to push."

"Bersegliere," Aymo smiled. "They have the widest backs. They measure them. How do you feel Tenente?"

"Fine. How are you?"

"Fine. But very hungry."

"There ought to be something up that road and we will stop and eat."

"How's your leg Tenente?"

"Fine," I said. Standing on the step and looking up ahead I could see Piani's car pulling out onto the little side road and starting up it, his car showing through the hedge of bare branches. Bonello turned off and followed him and then Piani worked his way out and we followed the two ambulances ahead along the narrow road between hedges. It led to a farm house. We found Piani and Bonello stopped in the farm yard. The house was low and long with a trellis with a grape vine over the door. There was a well in the yard and Piani was getting up water to fill his radiator. So much going in low gear had boiled it out. The farm house was deserted. I looked back down the road, the farm house was on a slight elevation above the plain and we could see over the country, and saw the road, the hedges, the fields and the line of trees along the main road where the retreat was passing. The two sergeants were looking through the house. The girls were awake and looking at the courtyard, the well and the two big ambulances in front of the farm house, with three drivers at the well. One of the sergeants came out with a clock in his hand.

"Put it back," I said. He looked at me, went in the house and came back without the clock.

"Where's your partner?" I asked.

"He's gone to the latrine." He got up on the seat of the ambulance. He was afraid we would leave him.

"What about breakfast Tenente?" Bonello asked. "We could eat something. It wouldn't take very long."

"Do you think this road going down on the other side will lead to anything?"

"Sure."

"All right. Let's eat." Piani and Bonello went in the house.

"Come on," Aymo said to the girls. He held his hand to help them down. The older sister shook her head. They were not going into any deserted house. They looked after us.

"They are difficult," Aymo said. We went into the farmhouse together. It was large and dark, and abandoned feeling. Bonello and Piani were in the kitchen.

"There's not much to eat," Piani said. "They've cleaned it out."

Bonello sliced a big white cheese on the heavy kitchen table.

"Where was the cheese?"

"In the cellar. Piani found wine too and apples."

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"That's a good breakfast."

Piani was taking the wooden cork out of a big wicker-covered wine jug. He tipped it and poured a copper pan full.

"It smells all right," he said. "Find some beakers Barto."

The two sergeants came in.

"Have some cheese sergeants," Bonello said.

"We should go," one of the sergeants said eating his cheese and drinking a cup of wine.

"We'll go. Don't worry," Bonello said.

"An army travels on its stomach," I said.

"What?" asked the sergeant.

"It's better to eat."

"Yes. But time is precious."

"I believe the bastards have eaten already," Piani said. The sergeants looked at him. They hated the lot of us.

"You know the road?" one of them asked me.

"No," I said. They looked at each other.

"We would do best to start," the first one said.

"We are starting," I said. I drank another cup of the red wine. It tasted very good after the cheese and apple.

"Bring the cheese," I said and went out. Bonello came out carrying the great jug of wine.

"That's too big," I said. He looked at it regretfully.

"I guess it is," he said. "Give me the canteens to fill." He filled the canteens and some of the wine ran out on the stone paving of the courtyard. Then he picked up the wine jug and put it just inside the door.

"The Austrians can find it without breaking the door down," he said.

"We'll roll," I said. "Piani and I will go ahead." The two engineers were already on the seat beside Bonello. The girls were eating cheese and apples. Aymo was smoking. We started off down the narrow road. I looked back at the two cars coming and the farmhouse. It was a fine, low, solid stone house and the iron work of the well was very good. Ahead of us the road was narrow and muddy and there was a high hedge on either side. Behind the cars were following closely.

XXIX

At noon we were stuck in a muddy road about, as nearly as we could figure, ten kilometres from Udine. The rain had stopped during the forenoon and three times we had seen planes pass over head, watched them go far to the left and heard them bombing on the main highroad. We had worked through a network of secondary roads and had taken many roads that were blind, but had always by backing up and finding another road, gotten closer to Udine. Now, Aymo's car, in backing so that we might get out of a blind road, had gotten into the soft earth at the side and the wheels, spinning, had dug deeper and deeper until the car rested on its differential. The thing to do now was to dig out in front of the wheels, put in brush so that the chains could grip, and then push until the car was on the road. We were all down on the road around the car. The two sergeants looked at the car and examined the wheels. Then they started off down the road without a word. I went after them.

"Come on," I said. "Cut some brush."

"We have to go," one said.

"Get busy," I said, "and cut brush."

"We have to go," one said. The other said nothing. They were in a hurry to start. They would not look at me.

"I order you to come back to the car and cut brush," I said. The one sergeant turned. "We have to go on. In a little while you will be cut off. You can't order us. You're not our officer."

"I order you to cut brush," I said. They turned and started down the road.

"Halt," I said. They kept on down the muddy road, the hedge on either side. "I order you to halt," I called. They went a little faster. I opened up my holster, took the pistol, aimed at the one who had talked the most, and fired. I missed and they both started to run. I shot three times and dropped one. The other went through the hedge and was out of sight. I fired at him through the hedge as he ran across the field. The pistol clicked empty and I put in another clip. I saw it was too far to shoot at the second sergeant. He was far across the field, running, his head held low. I commenced to reload the empty clip. Bonello came up.

"Let me go finish him," he said. I handed him the pistol and he walked down to where the sergeant of engineers lay halfway across the road. Bonello leaned over, put the pistol against the man's head and pulled the trigger. The pistol did not fire.

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"You have to cock it," I said. He cocked it and fired twice. He took hold of the sergeant's legs and pulled him to the side of the road so he lay beside the hedge. He came back and handed me the pistol.

"The son of a ——," he said. He looked toward the sergeant. "You see me shoot him, Tenente?"

"We've got to get the brush quickly," I said. "Did I hit the other one at all?"

"I don't think so," Aymo said. "He was too far away to hit with a pistol."

"The dirty scum," Piani said. We were all cutting twigs and branches. Everything had been taken out of the car. Bonello was digging out in front of the wheels. When we were ready Aymo started the car and put it into gear. The wheels spun round throwing brush and mud. Bonello and I pushed until we could feel our joints crack. The car would not move.

"Rock her back and forth, Barto," I said.

He drove the engine in reverse, then forward. The wheels only dug in deeper. Then the car was resting on the differential again, and the wheels spun freely in the holes they had dug. I straightened up.

"We'll try her with a rope," I said.

"I don't think it's any use Tenente. You can't get a straight pull."

"We have to try it," I said. "She won't come out any other way."

Piani's and Bonello's cars could only move straight ahead down the narrow road. We roped both cars together and pulled. The wheels only pulled sideways against the ruts.

"It's no good," I shouted. "Stop it."

Piani and Bonello got down from their cars and came back. Aymo got down. The girls were up the road about forty yards sitting on a stone wall.

"What do you say Tenente?" Bonello asked.

"We'll dig out and try once more with the brush," I said. I looked down the road. It was my fault. I had led them up here. The sun was almost out from behind the clouds and the body of the sergeant lay beside the hedge.

"We'll put his coat and cape under," I said. Bonello went to get them. I cut brush and Aymo and Piani dug out in front and between the wheels. I cut the cape, then ripped it in two, and laid it under the wheel in the mud then piled brush for the wheels to catch. We were ready to start and Aymo got up on the seat and started the car. The wheels spun and we pushed and pushed. But it wasn't any use.

"It's ——ed," I said. "Is there anything you want in the car Barto?"

Aymo climbed up with Bonello carrying the cheese and two bottles of wine and his cape. Bonello, sitting behind the wheel, was looking through the pockets of the sergeant's coat.

"Better throw the coat away," I said. "What about Barto's virgins?"

"They can get in the back," Piani said. "I don't think we are going far."

I opened the back door of the ambulance.

"Come on," I said. "Get in." The two girls climbed in and sat in the corner. They seemed to have taken no notice of the shooting. I looked back up the road. The sergeant lay in his dirty long-sleeved underwear. I got up with Piani and we started. We were going to try to cross the fields. When the road entered the field I got down and walked ahead. If we could get across, there was a road on the other side. We could not get across. It was too soft and muddy for the cars. When they were finally and completely stalled, the wheels dug in to the hubs, we left them in the field and started on foot for Udine.

When we came to the road which led back toward the main highway I pointed down it to the two girls.

"Go down there," I said. "You'll meet people." They looked at me. I took out my pocket book and gave them each a ten lire note. "Go down there," I said pointing. "Friends! Family!"

They did not understand but they held the money tightly and started down the road. They looked back as though they were afraid I might take the money back. I watched them go down the road, their shawls close around them, looking back apprehensively at us. The three drivers were laughing.

"How much will you give me to go in that direction Tenente?" Bonello asked.

"They're better off in a bunch of people than alone if they catch them," I said.

"Give me two hundred lire and I'll walk straight back toward Austria," Bonello said.

"They'd take it away from you," Piani said.

"Maybe the war will be over," Aymo said. We were going up the road as fast as we could. The sun was trying to come through.

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Beside the road were mulberry-trees. Through the trees I could see our two big moving vans of cars stuck in the field. Piani looked back too.

"They'll have to build a road to get them out," he said.

"I wish to Christ we had bicycles," Bonello said.

"Do they ride bicycles in America?" Aymo asked.

"They used to."

"Here it is a great thing," Aymo said. "A bicycle is a splendid thing."

"I wish to Christ we had bicycles," Bonello said. "I'm no walker."

"Is that firing?" I asked. I thought I could hear firing a long way away.

"I don't know," Aymo said. He listened.

"I think so," I said.

"The first thing we will see will be the cavalry," Piani said.

"I don't think they've got any cavalry."

"I hope to Christ not," Bonello said. "I don't want to be stuck on a lance by any ——ing cavalry."

"You certainly shot that sergeant Tenente," Piani said. We were walking fast.

"I killed him," Bonello said. "I never killed anybody in this war, and all my life I've wanted to kill a sergeant."

"You killed him on the sit all right," Piani said. "He wasn't flying very fast when you killed him."

"Never mind. That's one thing I can always remember. I killed that —— of a sergeant."

"What will you say in confession?" Aymo asked.

"I'll say Bless me father I killed a sergeant."

They all laughed.

"He's an anarchist," Piani said. "He doesn't go to church."

"Piani's an anarchist too," Bonello said.

"Are you really anarchists?" I asked.

"No, Tenente. We're socialists. We come from Imola."

"Haven't you ever been there?"

"No."

"By Christ it's a fine place, Tenente. You come there after the war and we'll show you something."

"Are you all socialists?"

"Everybody."

"Is it a fine town?"

"Wonderful. You never saw a town like that."

"How did you get to be socialists?"

"We're all socialists. Everybody is a socialist. We've always been socialists."

"You come Tenente. We'll make you a socialist too."

Ahead the road turned off to the left and there was a little hill and, beyond a stone wall, an apple orchard. As the road went up hill they ceased talking. We walked along together all going fast against time.

(To be continued.)

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Drawn and engraved by L. L. Balcom.

"Hot corn, hot corn,
Heah's your lily-white hot corn."

—*See* page 265.

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